

Ideal Gods.



Ideal Gods,

And Other Essays and Poems.

[Including "HUMANITY AND THE MAN."]

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PREFACE.

THE following Essays, which it is to be hoped are not uninteresting in themselves, are intended, with those in the companion volume of selections, entitled, "THE FALL OF LUCIFER," to act in a great measure as introductory to the Poems contained in either volume.

The principal poem of the present volume, namely, "HUMANITY AND THE MAN," may to some extent be regarded as the first part of "THE DUAL IMAGE;" i.e., complementary man. It represents chiefly the teaching of Humanity, beginning with Intellectual man or the Adamite under the Male Genius of Intellect, whilst "THE DUAL IMAGE" represents man as under the teaching of the Female Genius of Intuition, by whom there is opened up to him a wider and more extended vision of the evolution of Humanity as a whole, beginning with the Frugivores of the Pre-Adamite Races and ending with the highest type of fully developed and illuminated Man. Still there is no hard and fast line to be drawn, for both these stages, the intellectual and intuitional, necessarily overlap. But, apart from this, the poems will be found to supplement each other in many particulars, and may, therefore, be looked upon each as a part of one poem on human life and evolution, "both Physical and Spiritual, which might aptly be named, "The Ascent of Man through the Worship of Ideals."

The present revised edition of "HUMANITY AND THE MAN" is the *only* edition sanctioned by *The AUTHOR,*

By SAME AUTHOR.

The FALL OF LUCIFER

And Other Essays and Poems.

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IDEAL GODS.

So wrought the artist by the crystal mere
Beneath the palm trees, struggling to express
In outward form the image in his mind—
An uncouth idol, shapeless and bedaubed
With pigment, yet the best, and it was great,
His art could reach, for was it not indeed
The outward symbol of his nascent thought
In recognition of a Higher Power;
A Power supernal, and beyond himself,
That might assist him and preserve his tribe
From all mishaps and grant them length of days
If they besought him in sincerity.

—*The Dual Image, Book I.*

THE continual state of fear in which primitive man lived from the dangers to which he was on all sides exposed naturally called up in him the wish for protection. With this idea his mind was exercised until the innate perception, however crude, of a supernal power, that might prove friendly, or might, at least, be propitiated, took form in his mind. And this power, superior to man and beast, he fancied he saw in the ever active and untiring forces of nature, as manifested in earth, air and water. To him there was no dead, inert matter, all things were alive and pregnant with life and spirit. He would

therefore propitiate them: the rock and the tree and other natural objects could protect him if he only sought their protection,—they were his gods, his fetishes, a spirit resided in them. This spirit he pictured in his mind as human or animal. It was his first crude conception of an ‘Ideal God,’ and he naturally longed to embody it in tangible form; for natural objects as they lay around him did not always image his ideals as clearly as he wished. With this idea in his mind, his aspiration was kindled; he craved for something in the way of gods that would appeal more to the senses than the things nature provided; he would, therefore, improve upon nature and embody his ideas to suit himself. He set to work therefore, with such rude implements as he could find in stones and flints, to fashion some soft rock into an uncouth image of himself. He coloured it with red earth, and it became his god and the god of his clan. And thus rudely enough was Art, the child of Aspiration, born to bless and beautify the world in future years; for, though a hideous idol, it was a great work, inasmuch as it involved the future Appollo.

In such wise were the elementary powers of nature deified and worshipped by primitive man, under embodied forms. that expressed, however crudely, his ideas of what they should be like. But man could not rest here; for, from the worship of fetishes and elementary gods, it was but a step to the further deification and worship of the heavenly bodies, of sun, moon and stars;—but this, indeed, was a great stride in advance, as the movements of these bodies had to be thenceforth carefully noted. The courses of the sun and moon had to be marked among the stars, the reappearance of which at certain times, and their rising and setting with regard to the sun, herald. the

approach of the seasons, a thing of great importance to primitive man; for with the re-ascension of the sun in the heavens and his returning power after the storms of winter, nature revived, and he naturally, as a matter of course, worshipped the great luminary that brought him hope and the promise of plentiful supplies.

Then, as time went on and man became more and more civilized, the All-bountiful Sun, to whose light and warmth the planets and their freight of teeming sentient life are indebted for material embodiment and all they possess, was not only worshipped by the people, but his apparent passage through the signs of the Zodiac furnished the grand theme, and supplied the model on which the poets and sages of old framed the epics of their ideal gods and heroes. The sun, thus allegorised and brought down to the earth plane, was then in addition worshipped as a divine personality by the multitude under various names, generally the name of the constellation in the heavens, which he entered in the Spring of the year.

Now, among the earliest of these sun-gods or solar-heroes was the Man-fish, (so called from the sign of the Fishes,) known as An in Egypt and Oannes in Chaldea. He was the god of these countries in a previous cycle of precession but returned again as the Kronian Messiah, emerging from the heavenly waters, when the sun re-entered the sign of the Fishes, some 2,155 years ago. But prominent among the gods of the previous cycle was the sacred bull, Apis, worshipped in Egypt as an incarnation of Osiris, when the sun entered that particular sign some 6,000 years ago. Then in succession to the Bull, some 2,155 years later, came the Ram, which in turn represented the masculine fertilizing principle of

the sun in the spring-time when he entered that sign at the vernal equinox. Hence the prominence still given to the Ram or Lamb in all the great religions of the world.

The birth, therefore, of each of these sun-gods was astronomical, and a period of about 2,155 years separated the one from the other. But in addition, the incoming god was, like the sun of the new year, born in a 'cave,'—the Cave of Light,—at the winter solstice, at mid-night on the 25th. of December, the first day that shewed any increase of length. The new god, moreover, was said to be virgin-born, because at the time of birth the constellation, Virgo, or the Virgin, lay upon the eastern horizon. They were also heralded by particular stars. When the sun was in the sign of the Bull, Orion rose in the East to tell where the Young sun-god was born; hence, Orion was the star of Horus in Egypt, and the stars of his belt were the Three Kings who greeted the babe.*

But at the time when the sun entered the sign of the Ram, the great Aryan Prophet King, whose mythical history is that of the sun warring with the powers of darkness, took as his standard the Ram, and hence his name, Rama—a name venerated in India to this day. In that country the history of the Great King with the eyes of the blue lotus is chronicled in the great poem of the Ramayana, in which he is represented as warring with the Demon King of Lanka, who bore away Sita, the lovely bride of Rama, to his isle in the South. The Rajput princes and people, perhaps the most courteous of any people to be found, claim to be descended from the hero of the

* See *Gerald Massey's Lectures*.

Ramayana, of whom Dr. Peter Davidson gives an interesting and exhaustive account in his learned work on the "Mistletoe and its Philosophy."

We find even still an echo of this ideal hero prolonged in the Grand Lamas of Thibet; while in India the name repeated as Ram-Ram is a common form of friendly salutation among the people. In the ancient Persian scriptures he is King Yima, the beloved of Ahura-Mazda, the enlightener of the nations; and as Yama he is the judge of the dead. And this prophet-king, once celebrated over the known world, is still held in peculiar veneration and worshipped by the millions of India as one of their grand Ideal Gods.

But if the sun-gods were thus popular with the nations of old as mythical heroes and benefactors of mankind, the moon and nature-divinities, representing the female side, were hardly less so. Indeed, at times, they seem to have taken the foremost place. And looking over the names of the latter, we find among the most famous was the goddess Ishtar of Chaldea, from which country her worship spread to Assyria, of which she seems to have been the most popular divinity, judging from the Tablets which treat of her as Ishtar of Arbela. It is recorded there that Asshurbanipal, King of Asshur, on the eve of a battle entreated her aid and protection thus:—"O, Goddess of Arbela, I am Asshurbanipal, the creature of thy hands, chosen by thee to restore the temples of Assyria and to adorn thy holy cities of Accad; I have sought to honour thee and have gone to worship thee. O, Queen of Queens, Goddess of War and Battles.... come in the midst of the battle and destroy him (mine enemy) and crush him with a fiery bolt from heaven." And then it was reported, much after the

fashion of Jehovah with the Jews, that the Goddess appeared in a vision to one of the King's prophets, and promised him the victory, which he obtained accordingly.

But it is as the Nature-Goddess of Chaldea that Ishtar seems to have been most endeared to the people. There, the worship of the Virgin-Goddess, and her nuptials with the young Sun-God of the Spring was yearly celebrated by maids and matrons with much rejoicing and appropriate offerings of flowers, with which they decked her altars at this festive season of the year. But after a time it happened that her young Lord, while absent from her on a hunting expedition in the dark forest of Eridhu, is suddenly wounded in the prime of his life, which entailed his departure, bleeding and impotent, over the deserts and dark waters to the Land of Shades—the under-ground abode of the Winter sun, while Ishtar, inconsolable thereat, divested herself of her queenly robes, and in widowed garments at much self-sacrifice, resolved to seek him out in that gloomy land of death, and if possible lead him back with her to their previous home.

It was the portrayal in epic narrative of this loving self-sacrifice, on the part of the widowed Goddess, who in the days of her prosperity showered so profusely her blessings upon all that endeared her so to the peoples of Shumèr and Accad. Her descent to the under-world is recorded in the Izdubar Epic, where it says:—"That Ishtar when she reached the land of darkness ordered the keeper of the gates to open, that she might pass." Then was Ishtar, by command of Allat, the Queen, stripped at the entrance, and, after much affliction, led to her husband, Dumuzi, whom, after sprinkling with the 'water of life' and clothing in splendid robes, she led

back with her to the Land of Light, where the glories of Spring were renewed in the general resurrection of nature,

And so indeed the Royal Ishtar thus
 Became the people's darling, for in her
 They saw the type of perfect womanhood—
 Ideal beauty more than realized
 In rich endowment of the outward form,
 The symbol fair of inward loveliness
 Made manifest in action in the rôle
 Of tender and self-sacrificing love!
 Thus she became the model of all time,
 Attracting men as to a central sun.

—*The Dual Image, Book III.*

Thus in all countries the All-bountiful Sun and his consort, the Moon, including the earth as nature, were the chief models, male and female, used by the sages and poets in the creation of ideal gods for the worship of the multitude. These divinities, brought down to the earth plane, were made the embodied representatives of all the virtues that men conceived of as existing in man in the aggregate. And in this sense, as ideal men possessed of all the virtues of the race rather than of a single individual, they were the saviours of the nations, and were at all times indispensable to the evolution of a higher and more humane order of humanity. They were, therefore, in all countries, set before the people as models worthy of loving regard. Their noble and self-sacrificing lives, represented as wholly devoted to the good of men, touched the hearts of all, and kindled in them a zeal for well-doing, to a degree that nothing else could; and to a certain extent, in proportion to the strength of their inwards aspirations, were they, humanely speaking, transformed into the likeness of the

transcendent ideals they had ever in remembrance, worshipping daily with their whole hearts.

And in this way man continued to ascend, ever through his love for and worship of ideal excellence, advancing from the worship of fetishes and nature-powers till he arrived at the Gods of Olympus, the embodiments of law, order, wisdom, intelligence and beauty — that transcendent beauty of form towards which man struggled and aspired, that almost reached the divine, and did much to raise men and women to the rank of demi-gods as regarded their personal appearance.

And once arrived at the Gods of Olympus, it was but a step to the great Impersonal Deity, specially characterised as 'Love,' and transferred to the earth plane, under the limits of personality, as the Divine Man of Christendom, the embodied sum-total, for all time, of all the cardinal virtues of humanity.

Thus man, struggling through the ages, ever creating his divinities in his own likeness, arrived at length at a conception of Deity beyond which he cannot pass; for this Divinity, characterised as Love, is the *ne plus ultra* in the line of Gods—an Impersonal, boundless All, a shoreless, Infinite Sea of Life! for ever inscrutable and incomprehensible; but ever incarnating in the monad under every form of entity, good and evil, seeking to educate the same, till all, alike, attaining to an individuality, enriched by experience, should grow into the Divine likeness as unfolded by the operation of the 'law of love'! This is the eternal sacrifice,—the sacrifice of Brahma in creation for the benefit of his offspring in creature life. But who can ever fathom the Mystery of Being? We ARE! but know not HOW or WHENCE! We exist, if we come to think of it, a perpetual wonder to ourselves!

IDEAL GODS OF ANCIENT GREECE.

THEN passed they hence the Traveller and his Guide
 From Neilos' flood through divers lands afar
 And misty regions unexplored, a waste
 Of wood and wilderness, until they came
 Unto the sides of towering Caucasus
 And there, as in the hoary eld again,
 Saw they the struggle of Humanity;
 For as they paused upon the craggy slopes
 Amid the woods and solitudes they heard
 Uprising ever on the air the moans
 And sobs of anguish as of one in pain;—
 A dirge like wail upon the wintry wind,
 That swayed like wands the mountain pines and rolled
 As with the voice of mighty waters, driven
 In thund'ring billows on some rock-bound shore.
 And, looking whence the wailing sound had come,
 They saw beneath a frowning precipice
 A giant form in sombre garments draped,
 With thoughtful brow, a woman in her prime,
 Erect, benignant and of royal mien
 Yet sorrowful, in whom they recognised

The mighty mother, even Ops herself
Or Rhea, mourning for her children whom
Her Kronian spouse untimely had devoured,
Leaving the earth untenanted and void
Until her son, Olympian Jove, was born,
The King supreme alike of gods and men,
Who by his mother's shrewd device and love
Escaped the hunger of his lawless Sire,
Whom he deposed to rule himself instead,
Marking an era in the life of men;
For he thenceforth from high Olympus swayed
All peoples with the sceptre of the "law."
A kingly ruler, absolute, but mild
To those his children, who to law conformed,
Taught by experience in the rounds of life
To be obedient to their father's will,
And hence with him were to Olympus raised,
His peers and colleagues, chosen to instruct
Humanity, a wayward minor long,
And under tutelage, who suffered still
In ignorance, not knowing to conform
Unto the laws that bind the finite life,
And thence rebellious, suffered from his bolts;
Nor knew that he was pitiful, nor wished
To punish them should they obey his will,
Who was himself amenable to law.

But though herein an onward step was gained,
Yet still their woes appeared but to increase;
And still her child the mighty mother mourned:—

Her child, Humanity, the Titan chained
Upon the rocks of frowning Caucasus:
The struggling Titan, who defied the wrath
Of angry Zeus to curb his stubborn will;
Till by the thunder of the God cast down
To bear within the rugged mountain's hold
Still keener pangs, unpitied, unreprieved,
In darkness bound beneath the crushing rocks;
Until in time by dire experience taught
He bend somewhat under the will of Zeus
And is again unto the light restored,
Escaping thus the pains of the abyss,
Though chained as yet upon the rugged steep
Where he must bide a prisoner bound till he
With full obedience unto law conforms;
And hence his torture on the mountain still,
The ceaseless gnawing of the vulture sent.
The wrathful messenger of angry Zeus,
That on his vitals plied his gory beak
Day after day with pangs unbearable
Until delivered by the stalwart arm
Of mighty Herakles of Io's seed,—
The wandering Io, who for love was driven,
A lowly heifer by the gad-fly stung,
Through many lands till by the Nile her woes
Found solace in the joys of motherhood.
And hence the love-descended seed whence sprang
The hero who the Titan should release,
The champion of the suffering race of men,
Who when required or love-impelled put forth

His mighty strength to free the world of ills
By righting wrongs and slaying everywhere
The evil monsters that made men their prey;
Till sacrificed upon the blazing pyre,
From whence he was exalted 'mongst the gods
And worshipped as a saviour of mankind.

Thus of the Titan sang the Prophet bards
In vindication of great Zeus, who ruled
All nations with the mighty wand of law;
And of great Herakles, Alemena's son,
The type of prowess in the manly arm,
Put forth in service of humanity:—
The grand ideal of early chivalry,
A model hero, long renowned in song,
That called up emulation in the crowd
Thus adding to the stature of the race
For then was it of prime importance deemed
To train up men to manly exercise
And feats of hardihood so that they vied
In noble deeds each other to excel,
Becoming oft, with much self-sacrifice,
The public benefactors of their time,
Who by their service, even unto death,
Had proved their right to reign among the gods;
But not the gods embodied in the "Law,"
But those who rule as love personified.

And thence it was that men in time acquired
The mould heroic, and in form became

The very types of manly symmetry,
With agile frames and stalwart arms endowed
To wield the club or bend the mighty bow.
But with th' attainment of the god-like mould
Were they prepared to take another step
Adding thereto the courtesies of life
Of prime importance to the social state;
But needed teachers in addition now
To Heracles, the wielder of the club.
Thence with the Titan from the mountain freed
They westward sped and to Cecropia came,
Cecropia by the great Egyptian built,
Whence spread the lore of Egypt to the West.
And with them came the Traveller and his Guide
And took their seat on the Acropolis
Whence later rose Athené's noble shrine,
To note from thence the current of events.

And now from the Olympian heights there came
The Bright One in his father's image made—
Divine Appollo, son of the mighty Zeus,
Revealer of his glory unto men,
A shepherd once, who tended to his flocks;
Bow-famous too, who with his arrows quelled
The fearful dragon of the Pythian vale;
But trained besides, of greater moment still,
In all the arts and the accomplishments
So needful to the progress of mankind;
Who taught them, master of the lyre himself,
Divinest measures, poetry and song;

And yet withal the mighty bow could bend
And throw the spear, a hero and a prince !
Hence was he chosen as the grand Ideal
Of manly beauty, grace and symmetry,
Whose statues hewn in Parian stone became
A standard for the sculptors of all time.

And with him as their leader came a train
Of many Nymphs, a banded sister-hood—
The Muses Nine on Mount Pierus bred,
His delegates, appointed to instruct
Those whom the genius of the god inspired
With visions of ideal loveliness,
That they the same should make available
For the instruction of the multitude
Whether embodied as in works of art,—
In paintings and in snow-white statuary,
Or flowing numbers, rhythmic dance and song
With harp and voice, divinest harmonies
Of sound and motion, colouring and form,
Now everywhere before the people set,
In city, temple, park and grove alike,
But chiefly on the great Athenian stage,
Where danced the maidens to the merry lute
With sylph-like step as though they trod on air
To nature's pulsing in her gayest mood.
Their lithesome movements, to the measure timed,
Entranced beholders with the harmony
Of rhythmic motion, that at every turn
The peerless beauty of their forms displayed:—

The stage devoted to the Muses' art,
The home itself of dance and song, besides
A rostrum and the school pre-eminent
Of all the people where the Prophet Bards
Set forth in plays and tearful tragedies
Their moral lessons of the right and wrong,
The laws of retribution and reward,
And fate and chance and human destiny.
There saw, both sexes, to the life portrayed
By the performers of the Tragic Muse
The condemnation and the penalties
Of those who disregarded in their acts
For sake of self, gold, hatred or revenge
The right to justice of their fellow men.
There Sisyphus, the type of greed and guile
And treachery, toils ever with the rocks,
With anguish trying to undo the past
By rolling of a mighty stone uphill,
Which falls as oft and whelms him in its fall,
As once it fell from mountain heights cast down
Upon his victims in some lonely pass.
There Tantalus the slave of fierce desire
Strains ever for the fruit beyond his grasp,
Long impotent from dull satiety,
And hopeless, tries his raging thirst to quench
E'en for an instant in the tempting flow
Of cooling water, that eludes him still,
Receding ever from his burning lips:
And there the matricide, Orestes, raves
With blood-dyed hands, a raging maniac

By the relentless Sister-hood pursued,
The fierce avengers of blood-guiltiness,
The dread Erinnyes by his mother sent
With snakey locks too fell for human sight !
And Phædra too, the victim of remorse,
And many others whom blind rage impelled
To deeds of blood for unrequited love,
Or broken vows, or from mad jealousy,
A monster bred of utter selfishness,
The direst fury of the Stygian crew,
That without rest or intermission gnaws
Its victims with the fangs of hate, and goads
Them ever with the passion of revenge :
And there more dire, Gorgons too, while made
Avengers of the guilty were themselves
Set forth as types of those whom evil lives,—
Whom passion, hate and perfidy had changed
From forms of beauty to fell ugliness,
Expressive of the hatred that repells,
And mortals with a shrinking fear avoid,
That froze the heart, the fount of love itself
Until to them nor love nor lust remained
Nor any pulse of passion stirred the blood
But fled with love that bounding life confers.

And further too was represented there
That patient love that saves the world from wreck
Embodied in those kind and gentle souls,
Who yield themselves a willing sacrifice,
And uncomplaining bear the weight of ills

And burdens due to others waywardness,
Evoking by the sweetness of their lives
That kindliness that conquers strife and leads
Still onwards to the brother-hood of men:—
Sweet souls that ever unassuming toil
Unknown to fame, both then and now obscure,
Save here and there a few more prominent,
Whose lives go down unto posterity,
A quickning power through all the centuries:
But all, obscure or famous, had their types
Set forth in nature on a higher scale,
Which when personified by bards were made
Available to set before the world
And live in song as models for all time.

And chief of all these grand Ideal types
Was Nature decked in bridal robes and wed
To her young lord the genial Sun of Spring,
Or widowed, mourning in her wintry garb,
Bereft of him, her light of life and joy,
With whom she wandered by the rippling streams,
Through verdant lawns and woods by Zephyrs fanned
Rapt in the bliss that love alone can know,
Or as the Goddess Ops or Cybelé
The mighty mother of both gods and men,
Or fruitful Ceres of the golden hair,
Who mourned her daughter, lost Persephoné,
Whose robe was rent upon the flowery mead
When gathering flowers of which she was despoiled,
Her rich blooms taken by the Gloomy God,

Who bore her with him to his dusky realms;
But yet not wholly in those realms to dwell
But in the spring permitted to return,
A girl again, upon the flowery meads,
Gladding her mother, who disconsolate
Had sought her, wand'ring over land and sea.

Thus was it that the stage was utilised
To teach the people, but the Prophet Bards
Went further and with scenic show inspired
A love of nature and the "beautiful,"
For every nook by rock and grove was made
A theatre where the aerial beings met
To dance in concert in a fairy ring;—
For wood and wild was peopled with fair forms:
Upon the mountains skipped the Oreads
And in the forest Hamadryads roamed
And every fountain was a crystal bath
Set 'neath a canopy of leafy shade,
Where Naiads sported in the heat of noon,
Or where the nymphs of stately Artemis
Assembled and with Artemis herself
Hot from the chase unrobed their dainty limbs
And laved them there, or lay upon the green
Displaying oft their beauty to the gaze
Of sensuous men, who knew not love but lust.

Thus was all nature, earth and air alike,
Made teem with life and being, until man
Became enamoured of the wood and wild,

And fascinated, though he likewise feared
And shunned at eve the haunted grove or spring.
Nor was it all a fancy of the bards;
For in those days ere dim-eyed unbelief
Beclouded mortals, angel forms divine
Oft showed themselves amid the green-wood shade
At morning's prime or noon, a glorious train,
Bewild'ring thus the gaze of dreamy youth,
Or youthful shepherd, languid from the heat,
Reclining 'mid the scented flowers, that starred
With brodered gems the soft and yielding sward,
While in his ears the love-notes of the birds
Made melody, low piping on the boughs.
In such like guise as Artemis beheld
Her dreaming love, the young Endymion,
When she conceived a passion for the youth;
And filled with longing for his chastened love
So worthy of her maiden purity,
Came unto him alone upon the hills
By moonlight, and unveiling as the moon
Unveils, emerging from a cloud, drew him
Night after night in ravishment to gaze
Upon the beauty of her peerless form
And feel her passionate embrace and take
Her virgin kisses on his eager lips,—
Such kisses as for true love are reserved,
Which loveless passion knows not nor can know;
For loveless passion sates itself and finds
No relish but with blunted taste still feeds
On empty husks, nor ever knows the joy

Of love's pure kiss, for love to love responds
In sympathy and wanes not, but still grows
And mingles ever, not two souls but one,
For dear companionship, expressed as twain
In complemental mode, each unto each
A Polar force, that life and love sustains
And binds in rhythmic harmony like two
Revolving orbs in equal balance poised.

And fairer too than Artemis and all
The banded Nymphs, the Queen of Love herself
Was seen of mortals as a kilted maid,
A dazzling vision, walking on the hills
Of wooded Ida where she loved to roam.—
The Queen of Love, who in the dawn of time
Appeared upon the bosom of the deep,
Worshipped and known by many titled names;
Now Aphrodité, by the Grecians called,
Who rose, they said, from out the foamy wave
And took her place among Olympians
In Attic dress to suit the Greek Ideal.
Less serious now, but not less beautiful,
But more so; for in her the artist's dream
Of loveliness was more than realized,
Which they for ages laboured to express,
From rude beginnings, rising step by step,
Working with nature and excelling her,
Their works, with innate inspiration fraught,
Reacting ever on the multitude
Till plastic nature, moulding from within

With subtle force, the mental impulse caught,
And with a bound all human art surpassed;
For Aphrodité stepped upon the hills
In flesh and blood, the Queen of Love beyond
All power of art to equal or portray
In sculptured stone, in painting, or in words.

• Yet now, in her new dress, in part deprived
Of her great office of maternity
By Royal Heré, who succeeded her,
Not wholly, for she could no be deposed,
Who reigns for ever in the hearts of men,
She and her child, the winsome Eros, who
Still shot his arrows as his mother willed.
Less serious than the conquering god of old,—
Horus the Prince of Royal Isis born,
Who quelled full soon the Dragon of the Deep.
Less serious now but still a conqueror
With power to break the thunderbolts of Zeus;
For Love is stronger, mightier than Law
Being the force that builds the universe.

But none the less was Sovreign Heré chosen
To take the place of Aphrodité now
In her great office of maternity
Because her worshippers profaned her shrines
With orgies vile and gross licentiousness,
Which unrestrained would soon o'erstep all bounds
And place the people on the downward track,
The vapid slaves of moral laxity,—

An evil worship, which unchecked indeed
Would taint the life of the community.
And yet perhaps involved a sacrifice,
The sacrifice of many gentle souls,
Who blur their lives that others thence may reap
Tenfold the fruits of virgin chastity;
As arid deserts bear the fierce Simoom,
Heated themselves, the stagnant air to move,
That else would breed but pestilence and death,
And landward draw the moist and cooling winds
With vapours laden from the ocean deeps
To fall in showers upon some fruitful soil,
Awaiting thus their treasures to bring forth,
The flowers and fruit that beautify the earth.

And hence, indeed, the need imperative
Of Sovereign Heré as the Matron Queen—
A new restatement of the old Ideal
Of motherhood, which raised humanity
Above the plane of sensuous animals,
And needed ever in the growth of men:—
The noble matron and the loving wife
Beyond all praise, with calm and gentle brow,
The watchful guardian of the hearth and home
From all intrusion of impurity.

But furthermore with Sovereign Heré linked
Not less, if not yet more important came
The fair Athené as the Virgin Queen,
Without whom Heré little could effect;

Or naught at all, for from the virgin still
The noble matron is herself derived;
And hence the worship at Athenè's shrine
Of blooming maidens, proud of maidenhood,
And hence the Order of her virgins pure,
Devoted to her service for a time,
Not contrary to love's behest or made
Compulsary 'gainst liking nor life-long,
Nor still less was it made imprisonment
Unnatural in dreary convent halls
In fruitless life 'gainst nature's highest law;
For wise Athené barred not human love,
The talisman that beautifies all life
But ever sought to guard and foster it
By willing service from her willing maids;
For well she knew by continence 'twould grow
Expanding ever till they reached the bloom
Of ripe maturity, their sum of love
Increased thereby beyond what otherwise
Were possible in fickle youth's hot tide;
For who could know the ardour of that love,
The fruit of Wisdom in maturity,
That shone ennobling all the countenance,
And like a hot fire smouldered in the eyes,
Awaiting its fruition when they changed
The Vestal's white robe for the matron's veil.
The willing votaries of the Virgin Queen,
Who set before the virgins of the land
The fair Ideal of spotless Maidenhood
Till they, too, vied with them in purity,

Led by example, and became themselves
The noble mothers of a noble race
Of Sages, Artists, Bards, and Demigods,—
The warriors who met the Persian hordes
And conquered them on dread Plataea's field



IDEAL GODS OF ANCIENT AND MEDIAEVAL ROME.

THUS was it ever through Ideals Gods,
 That man essayed to grasp the Infinite,—
 That Guiding Power, Unseen yet Imminent,
 Whose angel-guards are nigh the trusting soul,
 Who knows the aspirations of the heart,
 And unto whom none ever prayed in vain.
 And hence it was through worship of Ideals,
 As taught by Sages and the Prophet Bards,
 Who sang the praises of Maternity—
 Young motherhood and childhood's innocence
 And manly worth and virgin purity,
 That they of Hellas' classic land attained
 Unto that male and female excellence,
 That marked the hero and the heroine
 And raised them nigh the stature of the Gods
 And made them thus the models of the world;
 But chiefly of the Romans and of Rome
 Whither came now the Traveller and his Guide
 To note the progress of the Latin Race.

And now upon the Tarpeian rock they stood
 To mark the current of events and see
 How mighty Rome in early days ere yet
 She rose to fame copied the Greeks in all
 Until her people came to vie with them
 In excellence, adopting as they did
 The Greek ideals, gods and goddesses,
 Whom they in Rome with equal ardour served
 With like results for many centuries;
 For Numa taught them with Egeria
 And bards and sages in the early days
 Till they became the masters of the world,
 And Greece succumbed unto the Roman arms,
 Who thence transferred the trophies of her art
 To grace their temples on the Seven Hills.

Thus did the Romans of the Grecians learn,
 But fiery Mars, the god of war, in time
 Replaced Appollo, and still more and more
 Engrossed the homage of the Roman youth,
 Who now, unsoftened by the influence
 Of gentler worship, lived for war alone;
 For through the field of battle lay the road
 To all preferment in the Roman State:
 And hence it was the love for combat grew
 Till men, inured to scenes of blood, became
 Like beasts of prey, regarding not the pain
 Their rage for slaughter brought upon their kind;
 And citizens, both sexes, old and young,
 More barbarous, demanded bloody shows

To make them sport, to which they looked with glee,
 Their chief amusement on their gala days,
 When the Arena like a battle-field
 Ran red with blood of man and beast alike.

Thus Rome became a charnel house, but she
 Recked not at all that nature soon deprives
 The people who rejoice in cruelty,
 Untouched by sympathy for others' pain,
 Of that true valour which with mercy goes;
 For cruelty and cowardice are joined—
 A law of nature needful; for, indeed,
 Were it not so, the beast would rule the world,
 To the destruction of the world in time.
 Therefore it was the Roman power declined
 And paled before the Northern Conquerors,
 A stalwart race, now fated to become
 In future days the rulers of the world,
 Their sway extending to the utmost isles,
 Embracing all the habitable globe.
 Meanwhile, though doomed and rotten to the core,
 Her Emperors, by mad ambition driven,
 Still wrought for the aggrandizement of Rome,
 While to themselves in overweening pride
 They arrogated worship as the gods!
 Nay, such the hold ambition had of them
 And boundless pride they lived still on in death;
 That spirit so imperious did not leave
 But like a restless earth-bound ghost remained
 To haunt the place, a prompting influence

Long after Rome had fallen in the dust!

And so Imperial Rome, the centre long
Whence sprang the laws of settled government
And civilization, culture and the arts
To many nations sunk in barbarism,
Now through corruption slowly waned and fell.
Her rulers, once so upright, now became
Relentless tyrants, slaves to vice themselves,
And all her people, sychophants and serfs,
Dependents on patrician families,
Or unemployed, were by the State maintained,
And Rome herself a sink of infamy:
Religion dead, the ancient mysteries,
So sacred once, made common and profaned;
The temples for the worship of the Gods,
But centres where the passions were inflamed;
Their wanton rites and ceremonies a mask
For Bacchanalian revelry where all
Could gratify their passions unrestrained.

So worship and religion would have died,
For men believed no longer in the Gods,
And all the world had gone to wreck had not,
Coëval with the spread of unbelief,
Teachers arisen to proclaim anew
The Word of Truth, the everlasting word,
That sages taught in symbols, and that lay
Shrined in the rites and rituals of old;
But needing now restatement for the use

Of later times, restatement as proclaimed
 By many teachers of the East and West,
 The Buddhs of Ind and sages of the Nile,
 The Theraputae or the healers called,
 Whence, too, the Brotherhood of the Essenes,
 Or Nazarines, a sect of Palestine,
 Who sent apostles and initiates
 Through all the cities and commissioned them
 To teach the Word to Greek and Jew alike.
 And 'mong them many rose to eminence
 And had their special followers, and then
 The Prophet came, the mouthpiece of them all,
 Transcendent and with power unique to draw
 The multitude and mould them to his will;
 An Avatar in whom the promised One,
 The ever coming Kronian Christ, had come
 Appearing in the fulness of the time:
 To state to men the Word of Truth anew
 Though soon by them materialized and changed.—
 The voice of many merged in one Ideal;
 •Objective made to suit the multitude
 Too dull to grasp the meaning of the Christ,
 The Christ within, that new life in the soul,
 The God incarnate, that redeems the race,
 A birth of Love potential in all men.

Hence, from the new restatement of the Word,
 The Word of Truth by ancient sages taught,
 Arose in time the creed of Christendom;
 A type and principle made personal,

One seer or many fused into the Christ,
 And based upon the old Ideals framed
 On nature myths and the celestial signs
 That marked the seasons in their annual round;
 A revelation on the heavens inscribed,
 The Solar hero on the vernal Cross
 Uplifted as the type of sacrifice
 At Easter-tide, whom Royal Ishtar mourned
 Ere he ascended as the Conqueror!
 The Cosmic sacrifice of the Supreme
 As manifest in nature and all things,
 The Sun-god struck into the golden grain,
 Transmuted in the myriad calyces
 Of sun-kissed flowers into the bread of man;
 His rays wrought in the chalice of the vine
 To blood of Bacchus in the purple grape,
 To be partaken of in fellowship,
 A feast of Love to overflowing spread;
 The bounty of the All-providing One,
 Th' eternal sacrifice of God, who gives
 So freely of his substance unto all.
 A feast of Love! to be with thanks received,
 That man through selfishness should never mar.

And with the Christ materialized and changed,
 The Goddess Mother of the olden days
 Renamed and modelled as the Jewish Maid
 Became the mother of the Nazerine—
 The Mother Mary with her infant child
 The counterpart of Isis and her Son,

The Mother of the Nations, Greece and Ind
And all the East; and likewise with them came
The whole pantheon of the gods of eld
Disguised as saints to suit the Calendar
With all their times and festivals retained.

Thus from the new restatement of the Word,
Perverted by the priesthoods of the day,
Arose anew the systems that had fallen
Of their corruptions in the lapse of time.
Arose in part on the old lines and soon
Became a superstition that enslaved
Its followers until the people groaned
Beneath the yoke of priestly tyranny,
And ignorance replaced the light of yore;
For men were now denied the right to think
Save as the priesthood willed, proud hierarchs
Greedy of power, bent on aggrandizement
By Cæsar's spirit dominated still;
And cannot help it, sitting in his seat,
Who was likewise the high priest of his time;
Cannot indeed be other than they are,
Being bred up in a system of intrigue
With show of sancity from early years,
Which served them well until in time they came
To think it real, imposing on themselves,
Like sloe-trees in the opening days of Spring
That put forth blossoms ere a leaf appears—
A goodly show, to end in sourest fruit
In waning Autumn as the Winter comes.

But yet the narrative of suffering love,
That told the story of the Nazarine,
Embodied as the Christ made personal,
And crucified, a sacrifice for men,
Sufficed indeed for many gentle souls
And melted them and filled them with new life.
And many were the sainted ones that came
And worshipped daily at his hallowed shrine,
Till art again in later years arose
And from the canvas spoke the tale of love
To suffering souls, oppressed by many cares:
There gentle Mary of the artist's dream
With wistful face of child-like innocence
Appealed unto the suffering heart and drew
The tears of love and dedication down
The furrowed cheeks of those whom sin had marred,
Until they felt the healing influence
Of that sweet face so loveable and pure.
And there the Nazarine with yearning look
Ineffable entranced his worshippers:
And many were the erring outcast ones,
Despised of men, themselves a sacrifice,
That bowed in tears with sobs hysterical
Touched by the pathos of that wan, sad face
Of suffering love, so tender and so meek,
And were upraised, transformed as though they felt
The living power and heard the words of him,
Who pitied all their wayward class of old,
As she, the erring Magdaline, who long
In search of love had found at length her Lord,

Her true Ideal, the object of her quest;
 And was transformed so that she bathed his feet
 With burning tears and wiped them with her hair:—
 A type appropriate throughout all time
 Of the redemption of the erring soul
 Saved by the spell of her ideal love
 Shrined in her heart despite her waywardness.
 A soular type like radiant Psyche famed
 In Grecian lore, who disobedient once
 Was left a time untended by her spouse,
 In sorrow and to many trials doomed,
 Bound by the passions, subject to the witch
 To whom unwittingly she lent an ear,
 Who dragged her down into the gulf profound
 Of utter night till hope itself seemed dead,
 Yet could not quench in her the inward light,
 That filled her soul with visions of her lord,
 The Conqueror, subduer of her foes,
 Who soon would take her to his heart again
 Repentent and more beauteous than before
 • Clad in white robes with many gems adorned.

Such was the art that rose in Christendom
 On the old lines to humanise the West
 As in old days it humanised the world,
 Encouraged by the Sages and the Seers;
 For art and artists, not the hierarchs
 Degenerate of later days, have been
 The foremost teachers of humanity.
 But hampered by the priesthood of the time

Being made subservient to their iron Creed,
Which gave to them the rule of heaven and earth,
Its humanising influence on men,
Forbade to think, was cramped and limited,
Nay, further, being made the vehicle
Of superstitious idol worship, it
Would soon have fallen as it fell of old,
Though glorified and throned in palaces
And vast and dim cathedral aisles that rose
As fair as the creations of a dream.

And so, despite the influence of art,
Nay, with its help, the West again had fallen
Beneath the yoke of dark idolatry
Had there not still through all remained a few
Who knew the meaning of the Ancient Word
And of the Christ, now by the priesthood changed,
And taught the same unto their followers
In private and mystic language veiled
And 'neath the symbols of the Rose and Cross,
The line and circle and all-seeing eye,
And others from the ancient orders chosen,
Whence rose in time the knights of Christendom
Beneath the banner of Saint George, the knight
Who slew the Dragon, as did Perseus once
Delivering thus the virgin from his folds.—
A few who still preserved the Word of Truth
When all the world, relapsing from the light
To ignorance, passed through those centuries
Of utter night, the dark before the dawn,

As oft the individual, ere yet
The morning of illumination comes,
Lies in the dark with hope itself nigh dead.

Thus was the lore, the ancient Sages taught,
Preserved and guarded by the Brotherhoods
Till men at length at cost of sacrifice
Of millions martyred in the cause of Truth
Had broke the power of priestly tyranny
And burst therewith the bonds of ignorance
Despite the fagot and the burning pyre
With rack and torture at the hand of fiends;
Nay, afterwards in later days as well
They stemmed in part the tide of unbelief,
The outcome of that gross materialism,
That rising science fettered for a time
Until the portals of the Spirit-land
Were open thrown and angel-guides came forth
Bringing to men upon the mundane plane
Their revelations from the Spirit World:—
. The life and progress of the human soul,
The habitation of informing Spirit;
The law of kosmic order operant
Through evolution on all planes of life.—
A wondrous Revelation that entailed
A new restatement of all former Creeds;
That shattered all the priestly dogmas based
On fables by the laws of nature banned,
Unworthy of the credence of a child,
With figments of vicarious sacrifice

Set forth in all its crude materialism—
 A premium and encouragement to crime,
 Deluding men held in the grasp of Law.
 A new restatement of the Word of Truth,
 The glorious message of Kronian Christ,
 The Coming One, now come again in all
 The many voices from the Spirit World
 Through prophet-mediums as in the days of old;
 But not restricted in its scope as then
 To hierarchs and sages, who withheld
 Their knowledge secret from the multitude,
 But openly by seers and teachers taught
 Unto the millions of the world at large.

Thus, from a few among the favoured class,
 Who were enlightened in the days of old,
 The sole recipients of the Word of Truth,
 Has higher knowledge reached the multitude
 Marking an era in the life of men,
 The opening period of millennial times;
 The era of illumination when
 The teeming peoples of the world shall know
 The meaning of the Christ and feel his power
 Uplifting them unto a higher sphere,—
 The Sphere of Rest and Love ineffable,
 Their home of old in the ethereal Light!



SUPERSTITION: The Swaddling Bandage of the World.

Thus ugly demons carved in stone, and placed
 In effigy by doors and window sills,
 Were efficacious held to guard the house
 From all intrusion of those wicked fiends,
 Who, seeing themselves in effigy, take flight
 In horror of their own deformity.
 A doubtful plan, but based upon a truth
 By Sages taught--that evil flees itself,
 Affrighted at its own embodiment,
 To seek amendment through the knowledge gained.

—The Dual Image, Book III.

SUPERSTITION, from the prominent part it has always played in the affairs of men, may not inaptly be called the "swaddling bandage of the world" from the restraining power it exercised over the masses in all ages, steeped as they ever were in the grossest ignorance. It is, moreover, as old as the human family, having its origin in the fear engendered in the breast of primitive man, from the dangers to which he was continually exposed.

But though originating in this way it did not abate with time, but rather increased with the numerical increase of gods and fiends, especially the latter, which were created chiefly by the sorcerer class for their own especial benefit.

Therefore, as might be expected, superstition grew apace, till it held the inhabitants of the old world in a state of mental bondage not easily conceived; and which may be said to have reached its climax in ancient Chaldea, where the life of men was one laborious round of superstitious observances for their better protection against the hosts of goblins and fiends, which the sorcerers led the people to believe lurked continually around to do them injury; and that all their ill luck, bodily ailments, accidents, and misfortunes were due to them. Hence the trade of the sorcerer flourished in ancient Chaldea as it never did before; so much so, indeed, that it has left its traces in the world to-day, for our modern mountebanks, with itinerant gipsies and other charm-vendors, though a sorry lot compared to the sorcerers of Chaldea, still find their willing dupes, whom they continue to fleece successfully time after time, to the alternate indignation and amusement of those who happen to witness the transactions.

But apart from these petty superstitions, the greater superstitions of the Orient are still current with us in Christendom, and are fully believed in over the world by millions of all denominations of Christians, besides Jews and Mahommedans. What is our mediæval fiend, that melodramatic wight, as gruesome as any Chaldean goblin, and his hosts of evil subordinates, but the evil beings of the Orient transformed to suit other times and peoples?

But this, our mediæval fiend, extinct only in scientific circles, but by no means extinct for the multitude, is still an active power in the regulating of men's affairs, being, as he is, the terror of evil-doers and of the illiterate masses, which, under the priesthoods, he keeps, in a way, in tolerable order and

subjection to law. Nay, if the fiend had his due, instead of the endless revilings of preachers and constant curses of the people, he would long since have been canonized as a saint for his services and good offices in the above respect.

On the whole it is apparent that superstition is still active in the world, a sort of cumbrous swaddling bandage as we have said, to keep it from going to pieces in the throes of anarchy. Nor can it be removed with safety till the world gets sufficiently enlightened to know that all mankind, both the good and the bad, the wise and the unwise, are under the rule and regulation of natural law, that can in no way be evaded, and that according to their individual lives, good or bad, will their rewards and punishments be. But until the people at large know this, namely that their lives and their judgments are in their own hands and of their own shaping, we shall have need of our ubiquitous fiend to terrify the ignorant and the viciously inclined into some tolerable state of right living, even though it be much against their will and inclination.

No doubt many complain of the vast revenues collected and wasted by the priesthoods, all the world over, in perpetuating various systems of religion in which the superstitious element predominates. But better continue to use these revenues for a time longer, even though it be in part in the cause of superstition, till the world is more enlightened in the general laws of life and true living, else would there soon be no revenues left to collect for any purpose; for the nations, freed before the time from the yoke of the priesthoods, would rush pell mell to destruction, choked in the turbid waters of anarchy, like those unfortunate swine of Galilee, concerning which we have been accustomed to hear much at various times, that getting

possessed of our fiend (then and always delighted with mischief) rushed headlong down the steeps into the Sea of Tiberius to perish there miserably enough: a story not altogether without a moral if we look carefully into it.



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FACTORS IN THE EVOLUTION OF PERSONAL BEAUTY.

Then vision came and in the light he saw
What he had hoped openly revealed;
And much besides—the inmost soul of things,
And “beauty” as the crown of life itself,
Ineffable, transcending mortal form;
For robed in light, no longer fantasy,
Before his gaze the true “ideal” stood,
Sublimely fair, beyond conception, clothed
In beauty and divinest symmetry!

—*The Dual Image, Book I.*

IN the constructing of a locomotive the boiler must never be larger than suffices for the generation of the amount of steam required for the work of the engine, otherwise, in proportion to its undue size and weight, would it use up and waste the force required for its allotted work of transport by the additional burden of its own unwieldy mass. So with the human engine if its digestive apparatus, that prepares the sustenance for the body as a whole, be abnormally large much of this nutritive substance prepared by it will be required for the support of the overgrown apparatus itself; and the man, all stomach, like an oyster, will then, to a certain extent, live rather to eat than to work, a burden to himself and a slave to his appetite.

So, it follows that if man would be strong and symmetrical

in body, for strength and symmetry are allied, he must, especially in his early days, take care that he does not over-develop his digestive system beyond the needs of the body by any undue indulgence in eating and drinking; for should he do so, as many do, he will have made it impossible for him afterwards to attain to the symmetry of form so requisite for the full realization of that beauty of form that ought to be his by natural right as the inheritance of his manhood.

But though the symmetrical development of the limbs and body, as a whole, is greatly assisted by moderation in eating and drinking, it is further promoted by physical training and healthful exercise, whether in the daily avocations of life or otherwise; for all these are factors of prime importance in the evolution of the physically-perfect man. And hitherto in this respect certain outdoor pursuits—as hunting, athletics and field-sports—have been conducive to this end. The life of the soldier, too, with its military training, has at all times played no unimportant part in the evolution of a high standard of physical beauty—the martial bearing, known of old and celebrated as the “warrior type”—those perfect men, as Tennyson called them, the next in rank to the men with growing wings, which ultimate state ought to be the desired goal of all, as it is the end and aim of all human development.

But to attain to this, the crowning stage of human evolution, man's highest faculties must be brought into daily use and stimulated ever by his adherence to, and worshipful aspiration to reach the height of his chosen “ideal” of a transcendent manhood; and further even by his adherence to and worship of ideal excellence in all the pursuits of life.

And to this desirable consummation, the chief aim of all

human effort, as it affects the masses of mankind, the present age of labour-saving inventions has contributed more than almost all the preceding ages of the world; for the state of high culture and mental refinement, on which so much depends in the evolution of the higher and more perfect types of physical beauty, has hitherto, in most countries, been confined to the rich and governing classes. In by gone years the necessarily rude and illiterate condition of the mass of the people, and the unremitting toil to supply the daily wants of life, were prejudicial to the progress of the masses in this direction. Nevertheless, through the privileged classes, and especially through the unavoidable circumscribed aristocracy of learning and intellectual culture, existing in isolated centres since the dawn of history, has descended that leaven which shall in time leaven the whole mass of humanity. For unknown centuries have the dumb, inarticulate millions fought and toiled and slaved, until at length, in these present years, they are crying out for their emancipation, and are being emancipated, not yet, indeed, from rulers—kings, presidents, or whatsoever they be called—but from the intolerable bonds of ignorance and selfishness which condemned them to a life of toil, prolonged and unrelieved by any of the redeeming features that shall in the near future, let us hope, ennoble labour, making it not only honourable for all men but an interesting pursuit for the worker, a pleasure rather than a toil; and in every grade alike, compatible with the highest standard of culture and mental development as regards the individual and the community at large.

This must be so in the days that are coming; for the bondage breaking light of science has now dawned upon the world,—her-lamp, more wonderful than that of Aladdin, has at length

called-up and bound the long-reluctant genii of Nature's vast and weird repositories of force, and made them over unto man, his willing slaves forever; her girding bands now compass land and sea—the latter no longer as a barrier separates the nations, but is, in this respect, as though it were not, as though the Apocalyptic prophecy of “no sea” were even now, in a figurative sense, being realized in this, our current age; her wand, more potent than the necromancer's rod, has smote the earth, and lo! long hoarded treasures of incalculable wealth lie open in the light of day, that men may help themselves if they are worthy of the gifts that science thus so freely brings, the heritage of all.

Man's power of production, by the aid of science multiplied ten thousand times or more, has brought not only the necessities but the luxuries of life within reach of almost all grades of artisans and workmen. That primal sentence: “By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread,” has borne heavily upon mankind from the beginning. The inhabitants of the earth, groaning under the yoke of inordinate labour, have sped down the ages until now like that legendary type of struggling humanity, the “Wandering Jew,” the unfeeling selfishness of whose disposition unfitted him for other than a life of toil, until educated thereby the burden is remitted as no longer needed.

Work! work! has been the great decree, enforced by necessity from the beginning, when man, leaving the animal, set out upon the long road of human progress. Work! work! of necessity with a grinding, monotonous, sameness of routine! How terrible would have been the old legendary decree in the early days, had not the sages and prophets, then, as ever,

pitying the hard lot of the toilers, instituted, on religious grounds, periodic times and days of rest, when the daily, crushing monotony of labour might be broken and the whip of the taskmaster be laid aside under pain of the displeasure of the Gods. We may now call it all superstition, but it was ordained in mercy on behalf of the toiling millions in those old days.

There has thus been as it were a continual struggle going on in the world between good and evil; yet as regards mankind, the operation of evil is that which calls the good into activity; is that by which the inherent and latent good in man is evolved tested and perfected. Without this struggle man could not be man. It is the struggle that constitutes his humanity. To this end is man a voluntary agent, free to choose the good or the evil by virtue of the reason with which he is endowed. And it follows if he choose the latter he is still on the downward curve, and must deteriorate for a time both physically and intellectually; for having obeyed, against the voice of reason, the lower propensities of his nature, he must descend towards the animal, forfeiting proportionally the intellectual faculty, the voice of which he has disobeyed or, worse still, which he has prostituted in carrying out the evil machinations of his lower nature. So, on the other hand, a successful struggle against evil, whether within or without, must raise man to a higher standard of excellence, both mentally and physically; for the physical organization is the outward expression of the psychical or spiritual principles which constitute the real man.

So the evolution of both physical and spiritual beauty is dependent now, as it ever has been, on a ceaseless but successful struggle on the part of man against the evils with which he

is beset. And, therefore, it is that he, at all times, enlisted on his behalf the aid of religion and some form of worship in furthering his aims in this respect; for all religions worthy of the name demanded a struggle and self-sacrifice on the part of the individual, while at the same time they inculcated a reverence for a something infinitely greater and higher than man,—namely, for that Unseen Power, in common language called God, in Whom all things exist and have come into form in creation, as the manifested expression thereof, with man, pre-eminently, as the microcosm of the whole, the monad, who has come out from the Infinite to attain individuality and return therewith enriched, clothed as a son of God with the transcendent glory of Angel-hood!



The Institution of SABBATHS AND FESTIVALS.

Those gorgeous piles where still the radiant light
Of morning in a flood of glory burst,
Bewildering, through pillared halls and all
The tinted courts and tessalated floors;
Where still was heard to greet the rising sun,
The matin hymns of white-robed hierophants;
And where, too, in the light of eve again
The choral music of the vespers thrilled
The worshippers till twilight drew the veil
And solemn silence brooded o'er the scene!

—*The Dual Image, Book VI.*

IT was casually mentioned in a preceding essay, that the Sages of old, having regard to the spiritual education of the masses, and no doubt pitying the hard lot of the toiling millions in the early days, instituted in connection with the established religions of the time certain recurring periods and days of rest or cessation from labour to be observed in the course of each year. The longer periods of seven days or more were established as festivals to be observed in honour of the Gods, and especially of the Sun-God. At all such times the people, as enjoined by the priests, congregated at their temples and other sacred places in large assemblies, of both sexes, to return thanks to the Gods, and especially to the All-bountiful Luminary for his conquering of

the Winter, and for the genial warmth of his all-impregnating beams, which caused the revival of nature in Spring and brought in due season the bountiful harvest of fruits and golden grain. But besides these longer periods of a week or more, which marked the four seasons of the year, the Chaldeans and others in connection with the Moon-God, set apart every seventh day, which marked the four quarters of the moon, as a day of rest,—a sabbath, in fact, on which the people rested from their labours and spent, according to their bent, in worship, mental improvement, or social enjoyment.

Indeed, without the institution, on the cogent grounds of public worship, of certain regular recurring times and days of rest, it is not easy to conceive how terrible would have been the lot of the toilers in these early days; and how dark their lives had there been no break to the dull monotony and crushing weight of incessant labour, often urged beyond endurance by the cruel lash of the taskmaster. Surely these public festivals and sabbaths were a wise and merciful institution, affording as they did times of rest and relaxation to the toiling millions, on whose behalf they were instituted and so ordered as to be rigidly observed; for that there might be no evasion on the part of the non-toilers, their observance was enforced under pain of the displeasure of the Gods, or, what was more to be feared, the displeasure of the priesthoods. Even apart from the apparent mercifulness of the institution, the foresight and wisdom thereof cannot be disputed when we have regard to the mental and intellectual progress of the masses not only rendered possible but directly aided and stimulated by the leisure thus afforded them for social gatherings, a matter of prime importance as a humanising

agency, beyond and apart from the worship for which they were convened. At such times, dressed and washed of the grimy sweat of their toil, and thus made more presentable and human in appearance, the people had their minds lifted for the time being above the dull cares of every day life, and, moreover, on special occasions, had their thoughts, that otherwise had lain dormant, further stimulated by the soul-inspiring harmony of music and song and the passing of the festive cup, drank freely in observance of that worship, which however perverted by vain and even, at times, cruel rites, nevertheless raised man immeasurably above the animal.

With us in these years it has been customary to set down the institution of Sabbaths and Festivals to superstition, and our would-be but pseudo-utilitarians complain that the world has been robbed thereby of a seventh of its labour; as if labour and the production of material wealth were the sole and only objects of human life on this earth that ought to be attended to, forgetting that labour unbroken and unrelieved by leisure dwarfs the intellectual faculties, which it is the first duty of all men, both on their own behalf and that of their fellows, to expand and develop to the utmost by all means in their power. And as a step towards the attainment of this most desirable end, namely,—the intellectual expansion and moral growth of humanity,—no agency is, or has been, more effective than the friendly, social gatherings of the people at stated times, to which they could, and do always, look forward to with wistful longing as a break to the wearisome days of prolonged toil, which the wants and exigencies of human life demand.

This being so, our social gatherings are needful still and will during all time, whether, as in the present, they take the form

of park-outings on gala days, musical festivals, anniversary celebrations and other assemblies, it matters not, with church and theatre gatherings, where the people, washed from the smut of their toil and clad in their best garments, meet in a social way and exchange for a time, not the least important either, friendly and, it may be, admiring glances in the worship of "beauty," an inborn impulse, which is a prophecy, that all, even the plainest, shall grow to be what they thus regard with such worshipful admiration, as though it were, which it is in reality, the climax of evolution, while at the same time they are being taught the not unneeded moral lessons from the pulpit, the platform, or the stage, especially the latter with its excellent methods of teaching enhanced further by appropriate scenery and music, at once an education and an amusement, that aided much at all times in the mental and intellectual improvement of a large section of all classes of the community.

So let us hold the Sages of old in all veneration, who, by their institution of Sabbaths and Festival times for the people, rendered the social state possible through the habitual assembling together of the masses at such times for mutual improvement and enjoyment; for without the social gathering, of whatever kind, with its potent influence for good, man would be a hermit and a savage, an unsocial misanthrope, whose hand would be against every man. All honour to the Sages of the East! for they benefitted their kind in their day and for all time!



WINE AND THE SOMA-DRINK.

So came they then and occupied the land,
 The Soma-pressing Aryans of Ind,
 In those old days by mighty Indra led,
 The Conqueror, subduer of the "fiends;"
 To whom with Agni and with Vata joined
 They sacrificed and poured the Soma-drink,
 As they were wont in Soma-sacrifice:—
 A sacrifice by men of old ordained
 To represent the heavenly rite, performed
 By Agni as the Hotar of the Gods,
 Who sacrificed unto themselves of yore,
 That they might learn from sacred action thus
 The pain and joy of manifested life.
 Hence is it they, who drink the Soma, drink
 Of Agni's essence as contained therein,
 And drink the principle of life itself,
 The beverage immortal of the Gods!
 For all the Gods in Agni are contained,
 The Only God, the Self-existent One,
 Who of his substance formed the Universe,
 Which by the sacred Rita he maintains
 And shall maintain through all eternity!

—*The Dual Image, Book IV.*

TO the old Aryans of India the fermented juice of the Soma-plant was pre-eminently the wine or water of life, that helped to induce the sacred trance, which opened for the time vistas of immortality to men in the flesh. They looked upon it as the

grand source of their knowledge, inspiration and illumination, containing, as it did, the fiery substance of the God Soma, the eternal feminine, as the counterpart of Agni, the masculine, who had descended into the plant, thus giving his body to be broken, crushed in the mortar, a sacrifice for men and gods. Hence, with the Aryan Hindoos the Soma-drink was the great sacrificial liquor, drank freely at all their religious festivals and poured out in libation to the gods and especially to Indra, who, invigorated therewith, conquered for them the serpent Ahi and the evil demons of the drought, who were bent upon withholding the life-giving rain, the Soma-liquor of heaven, from the thirsty fields. It was the divine drink of which gods and men partook, bringing them into the equality of brotherhood; for the men exclaim, "We have drank the Soma, we have become immortal. We have known the gods. O! Soma, thou hast descended into us and our intelligence is kindled by thee; disease has fled powerless, and our days are lengthened!" Moreover, these old Aryans of India harboured but a poor opinion of the non-Soma drinkers, whom they regarded as an inferior race.

But the neighbouring nations in like manner not only made their Hoama (Soma) but they used, as did the Hindu-Aryans also, the fermented juice of the toddy-palm, the sacred fig, and other trees—the "trees of knowledge," so-called in the East from the potent and inspiring effects of the liquors obtained from them. The fermented products of these trees and many others, including the vine, the "tree of knowledge" of the more western nations, were thus freely used at all the festivals and assemblies for the worship of the gods in olden times. Such fermented liquors constituted the Nepenthe, used in the

Ancient Mysteries for inducing hypnotic illumination and that visual communion with spirits, which it was the aim of initiation to impart to the initiates.

The products of these "trees of knowledge" were thus universally used in early ages to bring within reach of the people the practical knowledge of how a man, while yet in the flesh, could enter the spirit-world, a spirit among spirits, thereby receiving personal demonstration of immortality. For this reason, the demonstration of spirit existence, these liquors obtained the universal name of "spirits." With much truth, therefore, they may be said to have brought to mortals the knowledge of Good and Evil; for their use was at all times, as it is to-day, fraught with both. The good lay in the wise and guarded use of an agent, which has done much on festive occasions to promote social brotherhood and good fellowship, apart from all purposes of illumination for which it was long used in the Orient; and the evil in the gross misuse thereof, which led to drunkenness, crime and suffering. Hence the endless contention and irreconcilable difference of opinion that exists about the use of alcoholic liquors of all kinds, from the juice of the grape to the juice of the barley and other cereals.

As regards this apparently unending controversy, passing over the medical and dietary uses of alcoholic liquors as of secondary importance, it may be broadly stated, that one, apparently sincere and well-meaning, set of disputants affirm, in strong language, that almost all the crime, misery and degradation that affects society in these western nations are directly and indirectly due to the use of alcoholic liquors; and they have much forcible evidence on their side if only cases of particular individuals and particular classes, rather than the people

of the community as a whole, be taken into account. On the other side, the disputants, taking a much wider view, affirm with equal confidence that the wine-drinking nations were the ruling nations of the world in the past as they are in the present, and that they were at all times, and are still, leaders in the domains of art, science and literature; and, from a retrospective view of the different factors, that contributed to the progress of mankind, they further affirm, passing over the evils of habitual drunkenness, that were it not for the social, harmony-promoting influence of alcoholic stimulants, and their inspiring effects on the mind, leading often to that bold and sudden inspiration, that has resulted in the formulation and projection of great undertakings, and the ordering and carrying out of vast works of general utility, that the world would never have emerged from a state of barbarism; and were the use of alcoholic liquors done away with, that the nations would gradually relapse again into their original backward state, not only through the decadence of that inspiration, so much vaunted in days of old as due to the effects of spirituous liquors, but through a general falling away from that state of kindly socialism and mutual co-operation which their regulated use served to foster and promote; that, in fact, made all men, for the time being, brothers and equals. Not only this but more directly, also, through the worldly, unsocial disposition, which the entire preclusion of such stimulants would tend to bring about, when money getting and money-grabbing would be the order of the day, when the hard, unsocial men of the community would grow still harder, never rising for a moment above the common-place sameness of ordinary every day life. Thus would men of the world in general grow daily more

unsympathetic, thinking all the time they were serving God by their calculating prudence, abstinence and facial austerity, practiced till it became habitual, while at the same time they were driving hard bargains, grinding the needy and the worker, and, it might be, defrauding the widow and the fatherless. In fact serving Mammon with their whole hearts, not God or their fellows in any true sense. Alas! for their pious church-going, prayers and professions; it is questionable whether their salvation would not lie rather in getting as gloriously drunk as Tam O'Shanter, for in their cups their stony hearts might, indeed, be softened and overflow, for a time, some little of the milk of human kindness and brotherly sympathy.

And the wisdom of such a course is not hard to understand, and lies in the fact that, in the ordinary prosaic level of human life, the majority of men are grasping, hard, and matter-of-fact, and by no means inclined to be over liberal or open-handed; but if they are to make progress to a better state of mind, they must be lifted at times by some agency out of their ordinary life of worldliness into a more humane and generous mood. And to effect this end religion and the "love-feast," where the festive cup was freely used, have been resorted to from time immemorial; but, in our days, as regards the majority of men, the bare routine practice of an austere religion is not found to be very effective as a softener of the heart. It may be as men progress that a time will come when universal love will be the only stimulant needed to arouse man's deepest sympathies on behalf of his fellows. But though love has been at all times the chief and only moving force with the advanced few, the people of the world in general, not being sufficiently possessed of the love-element, required the occasional assistance of other

agents to kindle into life the latent germs of a more generous disposition towards their fellows; and Dame Nature, who despises no agency calculated to bring about so desirable an end, came along, ages ago, and imparted to men the secret of vinous fermentation. Hence has come the universal use at festivals in all ages to the present day of alcoholic stimulants to kindle, from time to time, men's dormant sympathies on behalf of good fellowship and social brotherhood.



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A FAIR SKIN: Civilization's Heritage.

But Nature halts not with the fruitful earth,
 But seeks her crown in perfect womanhood:
 Her grand achievement and her end and aim
 In working ever through the eons past,
 Transmuting by her secret alchemy
 The fading rose into the perfect flower!

—*The Dual Image, Book III.*

THE following summary of facts and the inferences based thereon are intended to prove to the thoughtful reader that the genesis of a white race of people from a preceding coloured one, or, under change of conditions, a coloured one from a white race, is not, as hitherto conceived, directly due to the influence of climate, but to the degree of civilization that has been in operation through long periods; also, that the only use of a dark-coloured skin is, and was originally in barbarous states of society, when men were obliged to go naked, to protect the owners thereof from the injurious effects of the elements, and especially of exposure to the burning rays of a tropical sun, which otherwise would prove fatal and lead to the extinction of the race.

In dealing with the subject it may be noted briefly that a tropical climate is usually considered of itself, aside from any habits that may be retained of a previous uncivilized state,

sufficient to produce *de novo* and perpetuate a dark-coloured skin. But, as will be shown, this common belief is based on a hasty generalization rather than on careful inquiry and observation; for when we come to examine the matter we find that colored races are not confined to the tropics, but extend north and south far beyond the tropics, even beyond the temperate zones. On the other hand, different degrees of colour between white and black are to be found within the tropics, and especially in India, where in the same locality many people may be met with as dark as the ordinary negro, and many again of a light-olive colour, while a few individuals of the higher castes show that they have practically passed the line that separated the coloured from the uncoloured inhabitants of the world.

There is, therefore, much diversity of colour among the people of India; and this diversity can only be accounted for by considering the different modes of life that have acted for centuries upon the various classes and castes of the country. Take, for instance, the coolie class, which follow outdoor employment, labouring daily in the fields with merely a strip of cotton cloth about the loins. They are, as may be expected, uncultured and very dark in hue, the colour being by no means due to their present daily exposure—for they all exhibit the particular shades that characterized them at birth. On the other hand, the better classes, including merchants, traders, and others, who have followed indoor employment for generations, are many degrees fairer. These latter, as a rule, are fairly educated and never appear outdoors without being thoroughly and suitably clothed. Among them may be found many individuals almost as fair as Europeans.

It is to be noted that these very different shades and varieties

of colour, not taking into account the descendants of the original inhabitants of the land, are to be met with among people of undoubted Aryan descent; and, the Aryans being a fair race, those that passed into Persia and India must also have been originally a fair people. It will, therefore, be seen that, if climate alone, aside from certain habits of life, caused the change from fair to dark, all should be alike dark in colour, which is by no means the case. The degree of dark pigment in the skin bears an intimate relation to the particular habits of life followed by the different classes operating through long periods. The degree of colour of any section has relation to the degree of exposure for such periods to the weather at all seasons. The darker the skin of the individual, or the more pigment it contains, the greater the resisting power on exposure to the sun's rays. We know not why this layer of dark pigment beneath the cuticle should prevent the skin from blistering on exposure to the rays of a tropical sun; we only note the fact that it does so afford the necessary protection. And that this resisting power of the dark skin is not due to the influence of long seasoning we know from the fact that infants of all ages are carried about naked and otherwise exposed with impunity to the direct rays of a sun that would in a short time blister a white skin as effectually as boiling water. The validity of our argument, based on these facts, is borne out in a remarkable manner in the case of albino-born children, who at all ages must be suitably clothed to protect them from the sun, which would otherwise be as fatal to them as to the children of Europeans residing in the country. It may be noted also that among adults patches of skin that have lost their colouring through skin-baldness will be injuriously affected and even

blistered on exposure for any length of time to the sun's rays.

In considering the matter, it appears, as observation shows, that the dark skin does not (like the white) become heated on exposure to the sun, but feels moist and cool to the touch. The dark-pigment layer under the cuticle is thus seen to confer protecting qualities that are altogether wanting in the white skin. There is, therefore, in the dark skin a natural provision, though we know not as yet its *modus operandi*, whereby men have been enabled to live in every climate during the uncivilized ages of the world; for a white race could not under any conditions that we now know of exist under entire exposure to the elements. Even indoors, in tropical climates, Europeans and European children could not remain even partially unclothed for any considerable time without feeling the injurious effects of exposure to the air.

In uncivilized communities a coloured skin is therefore a necessity; it is Nature's provision for the well-being of uncivilized man, and is as needful to his condition of life as dark pigment is to the chambers of the eye. But, this being so, the fact is evident that in more highly civilized states of society, where children as well as adults are suitably clothed from infancy, the perpetuation of a dark skin is unnecessary, and therefore has been discontinued in all such states—not indeed abruptly, but slowly, in the course of generations. But that the majority of the higher and wealthier classes in India are not now a white people is owing chiefly to the old habit of allowing their children to go about, as a rule, with very little clothing until near puberty, which, according to the facts enumerated, necessitates the perpetuation of a coloured skin as a safeguard against the elements during childhood.

It is therefore to be noted that, if under favouring circumstances, in any climate a white race can be evolved from a preceding dark one, a dark race can be similarly evolved from a fair one by the latter taking on the habits of uncivilized life. This change is a necessity if the well-being of the race is to be preserved. It is, then, a current delusion that a temperate or even inclement northern or southern climate can of itself produce and perpetuate a fair race otherwise than indirectly—by stimulating man to devise artificial means to protect his body from cold and the injurious effects of the elements. But where man has braved the elements and gone naked, like the now extinct natives of Tasmania and the inhospitable Terra del Fuego, no approach is made towards the attainment of a white skin; for so long as man leads a rude, uncivilized life, going about in a state of nudity, his coloured skin must be retained as one of the necessities of his condition, no matter in what latitude or locality he may be placed.

If, therefore, we find among the inhabitants of India shades of complexion so fair that, as regards colour, the owners might almost pass for Europeans, side by side with those deeper tints that bear with impunity continuous exposure at all seasons to the Indian sun, we can hardly maintain that climate of itself is the cause of coloured races. The statement that Europeans resident in India become swarthy after a time is a mere inference based on the temporary bronzing of the features from exposure out-of-doors: for against this there is said to be a colony of Jews, settled on the west coast of India for some eighteen centuries, who are still a white people; but they have not followed the habits of the country as regards clothing, nor have they intermarried with the inhabitants of the land as other

coloured Jews in the East have been in the habit of doing.

But, as already remarked, in all civilized states of society, where children as well as adults are fully clothed, a coloured skin is unnecessary and need not be perpetuated as a protection against the parching effects of the elements. And, being unnecessary, Nature in time dispenses with the colouring beneath the cuticle and provides man instead with a fair skin of great delicacy—as regards personal appearance the very crown of evolution in this particular line. Although the Aryan populations of India and Persia, by adopting to a certain extent the habits of the original dark inhabitants of these lands, have become, in a great measure, a coloured people, yet the steady march of Nature, favoured in the present age by the art of steam-weaving and the unlimited production of cheap clothing, is toward the evolution of a fair people all over the globe; so that the present coloured population of the world will one day be a thing of the past.

Aside from the physical relation of colour to exposure, there seems also to be a marked relation to the intellectual and moral status of the people. For instance, the birth of children much fairer or darker than the ordinary run of the class to which they belong seems to have some relation to the mental status and disposition of the individuals as they arrive at maturity—the fairer in colour as a rule appearing to be much more gifted as regards mental and intellectual attainment. But this most interesting phase of the subject we cannot enter upon beyond mentioning the fact that it was well-known to the sages of old and involved a very profound doctrine; for they invariably connected darkness, in whatever form, with “evil,” as opposed to “light,” which was to them always symbolical of that which

was good and beneficent, leaving it clearly to be inferred that physical darkness of complexion, in keeping with all things dark, was expressive of a certain degree of mental darkness and moral deficiency. Hence, we have in all ancient scriptures frequent reference to the washing of the individual to the whiteness of snow and the clothing of the people in white raiment as things to be desired, being figuratively expressive of human regeneration, and involving the universal attainment of a fair complexion by all peoples as the crowning glory of Evolution through the ever-advancing culture of civilization.



WAR VERSUS PROGRESS.

Beware of hasty judgment, lest thou err,
 If thou the truth aright wouldest understand,
 Look far beyond the present outward show
 Of seeming ills, and then thou shalt perceive
 The ills are transient, while the good remains
 The heritage of ages yet unborn,
 For some impelling motive men must have
 To kindle feeling and to urge them on,
 Else would they sink instead of upwards rise.

—*The Dual Image, Book IV.*

IT is a fact very apparent to all that war amongst peoples and nations has played a prominent part in the world from pre-historic times until now; and, having regard to the present status of humanity, it is equally apparent that it will be as rife in the immediate future as in the past of man's history. This being so, cheap, sentimental denunciation thereof will avail us nothing. Whether we like it or not it must be reckoned with, and, therefore, it may be well to look the thing in the face to see if we can find out why it is that Nature has it so; for we may be certain that were war, taking it on the whole, as detrimental to human progress as many worthy people would have us believe, Dame Nature, who always manages her affairs to the best advantage, ever bringing good out of evil, would not have instituted war, in the first place, as one of the many stern but necessary educators of the

race.

Looking, therefore, at the matter in the light of evolution we find that war, in a pre-eminent degree, brings into play, on a higher scale, the great "Law of Natural Selection." By giving the battle to the strong and most worthy, Nature ensures the "survival of the fittest"—the fittest in every sense, for Nature makes no mistakes in her law of selection. It is not, as a certain class of sentimentalists with limited insight would have us believe, the brutal and unfeeling that Nature, as a rule, ever calls to power but the highest and most developed of the human race. For, as a matter of common experience founded on fact, we know that she has inseparably linked together proportionally, in a greater or less degree, courage, strength, intellect, a sense of justice and natural kindness that inclines to mercy those whom she calls to rule through the arbitrament of war. And, indeed, were it not so it is apparent that the brutal, the fanatic, the cowardly and the cruel would rule the world to the extinction of the human race at no distant day; for it is equally certain, as observation clearly shows, that cruelty, cowardice and brutality, and all the vices go hand in hand together; and woe to the world did they ever gain the supremacy therein.

So, as already stated, having regard always to the status of humanity as we see it exemplified around us, those, who from limited views denounce the trade of war, not looking on it as a necessary evil, and the soldiers themselves as hired assassins know not what they say, nor what manner of men they are of, nor what they might become did personal danger, unexpectedly threaten them at any time. We read that Robespierre, of evil fame; from large professions of soft-heartedness and sympathy

which might have been more or less sincere, became the heartless monster, that he turned out to be when danger stared himself in the face.

Indeed, taking a broad view, looking at the subject of war in its natural phase, the professional soldier, on the whole, is one who takes the chances of battle and stakes his life for the general good not of his country alone but of humanity at large. And it is not only the general verdict but an unquestionable fact, founded on observation of those who have had practical experience of army life, that the soldier class, both men and officers, are many of them amongst the highest and best of mankind—brave, courteous and kindly,—much beyond what is ordinarily conceived of them. Their very training heightens and ensures this, for all, from the highest to the lowest, must learn frank and unquestioning obedience to those in command.

And duty before life is a point of honour with the soldier. Therefore we say: "All honour to the soldiers, East and West," for they are called to play a great part in the civilization of the world. All honour to them, having elected as they have to sacrifice themselves, as occasion calls, for the general welfare.

This being so, let none of us unthinkingly denounce them as a class; but let us try to educate humanity at large beyond the warring stage of evolution. Beyond the "Warriors," those perfect men, as Tennyson calls them, "to men with growing wings."



SOLDIER-LIFE AND MILITARY TRAINING.

For in the measures needful for these wars
The training up of soldiers from dull hinds,
From awkward, ignorant, uncultured lads
With shuffling gait to men of stately sread,—
Obedient, brave with courtesy combined,
And demi-gods to what they were before,
Each one made self-reliant and a mate
For Beauty, and by Beauty sought and claimed:
And in themselves, both singly and combined,
A source of epic and undying song!

—*The Dual Image, Book IV.*

IN this the close of the century most people claiming to be at all civilized regret the necessity of war and condemn it on principle; but others, in addition, knowing they are perfectly safe themselves from the attacks of foreign foes, which the army and navy of the country have secured for them and all, would have the world believe they are, humanely speaking, in advance of the majority of their fellows, and would win for themselves cheap notoriety by condemning in strong language, with many platitudes as to the duty of loving one's enemies, all preparations for war, whether offensive or defensive.

Now, on this point we would remark that it is a comparatively easy thing, and not uncommendable, to love one's enemies

so long as you are aware they cannot injure you, or, rather, it is easy enough to persuade yourself that you do love them; but let your enemy get you by the throat with the full determination to strangle you there and then, and I should like to see the love-expression pictured in your face, my humane friends. I much question whether you would not fight to the death and kill or be killed without further waste of fine phrases or cheap sentiment on your part.

But as it is self-evident to all, who have eyes to see, that, as the world now stands, war has still to be reckoned with whether we like it or not; and to this end we must go on with the training of soldiers in the present as in the past. But that most truly utilitarian dame, Nature, that turns all things, even the most unpromising, to advantage in her great scheme of human evolution, brings good out of war as out of other evils; and more especially out of the military training so indispensably necessary for the carrying on of war in general.

However it may be that as men advance beyond the warrior stage there will be no war, and no need of war; and that, then, a grander and more comprehensive training will take the place of our present military training, which in by-gone days has been so effective an agency in the evolution of humanity, and is still in the present doing much to raise not only the physical but the intellectual standard of the people.

Yet, taking a wider view of the question, and looking back into the past, it will be seen that we have war and military training in the world since necessity, the mother of invention, stimulated our savage ancestors to point flints and stakes and band together to beat off the evil beasts, that devoured them, and the great apes, that contended with them for the fruits on

which they lived before man became a hunter and a flesh-eater; after which men had still to band together in clans, and to further arm themselves with rude weapons not only to defend themselves from the attacks of wild beasts but of rival clans of the uncouth warriors of the Stone Age. Then came the more advanced but still warring peoples of the Bronze Age; and so on to the present, when never before in the history of the world were the preparations for war carried out on so vast a scale. We may well talk of peace in the face of such universal preparations for war.

Bearing this in mind, it is evident man has still to travel much further on the road of evolution to pass the warring stage. He must get the budding wings of the angel before he willingly consents to leave down the sword of the fighter. Otherwise, in his present stage of development, with its mammon worship pervading all classes, it is a question whether a prolonged peace would not be more detrimental to the development of his higher faculties than war has ever been. Wealth, indeed, might increase and trade flourish but the condition of the masses, judging from past experience, would not on the whole be greatly improved. During the long peace after their civil war the United States of America had no standing army or navy and wealth accumulated to an enormous extent, with the result that the rich have grown richer and the poor poorer in that country; while in the same time the criminal and dangerous classes have increased beyond precedent.

But with a standing army and navy, congenial employment would have been found for many not otherwise provided for, and would to a certainty have kept in check, and prevented to a great extent, that great army of demoralized outcasts, that now

tramp the land and infest the cities, almost, if not altogether, irreclaimable and a standing menace to civilization. Who will say that these unfortunates with the murderous roughs and robbers of the cities, who prey upon the society that has bred them, would not only have been made more human in every way but respectable members of the community, possessed of self-esteem and self-restraint, had they had, before their utter demoralization, the opportunity of becoming soldiers or sailors, which would have placed them under the necessary restraints of a military life with its advantages of military and naval schools, strict discipline and special educational courses for the moral and intellectual improvement of all ranks; and further, with its codes of honour specially designed to make of each man a soldier and a gentleman, respectful and amenable to orders, having learned unquestioning obedience—a desirable acquisition in all men, civil or military, and a chief factor in human progress. In fact with everything calculated to make men of them in every respect—men in appearance, neatly attired in comely military costume, trained to walk erect with measured tread to the inspiring notes of martial music,—men, frank, courteous and upright, able to look their fellows in the face; and above all, when the need arises and the battle calls them to the front, fully capable of offering their lives, a willing sacrifice for the welfare of their fellow men, not in the cause of wrong, as ignorantly said, but in the cause of right, justice and humanity. These are facts that cannot be contradicted; and in the face of them let none lightly exclaim against the calling of the soldier, or, in particular, against the military training needful to the practice of that calling; for it has at all times been a potent factor, through its disciplinary

courses, in the evolution of a higher grade of men, physically and intellectually. Indeed, the world is indebted much more than it knows to the life of the soldier, and the military calling, beyond that of most callings, for the existence of that high standard of chivalrous honour, which has done so much for the world in promoting the cause of honesty and truthfulness, and that upright dealing between men, which is the very foundation of society. .



THE DRAGON.

So Heaven wills, for in the dragan shape
 The vilest stage of evil is pourtrayed,
 The stage to which from higher grades it fell:
 The change within itself of nature wrought.
 Its deadly hate, deceit and cunning still
 Expressed in full, but unto weakness joined;
 For now, of outward limbs deprived and shorn,
 It is perforce unto the earth confined,
 There doomed to crawl; its sole remaining power
 In sinuous fold or poison fang retained.

—*Humanity and the Man, Book IV.*

IN the crude representations of the mediæval fiend with claws and tail was an underlying truth; and that was —let him disguise as he would, he was still liable to detection from deformed ugliness of person, which he could not conceal. In this there was some safety; for, being detected, he could the better be avoided. The old legends report that Satan was once amongst the “bright ones,” but, turning to evil courses, he fell away from the perfection of the Divine image.

Now, this falling away brings us to the question of “law” as the cause of the same; and this “law” as it affects humanity may be denominated the law of degradation and elevation, of retrogression and progression, working through what Swedenborg termed “correspondences;” that is, dominant ideas have

their own proper and specific forms; and these forms they must put on, and none other, when they express or embody themselves outwardly, either in the physical or spiritual world, for the form is the idea itself made manifest. Hence, from a careful consideration of the facts bearing on the subject, there is strong presumptive evidence of the existence of a universal law, which governs all finite expression or embodiment of intelligent being. On the one hand it is the source of strength and beauty; and, on the other, of weakness and deformity as exhibited in both worlds.

Now, these transcendent truths are formulated and set forth in allegoric form in the old scriptures of the East; and are referred to in the Hebrew Bible, in the narrative of the "temptation" in Genesis, where concerning the "tempter" it is stated: "Since or because thou hast done this thing upon thy belly thou shalt go and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." Now this pronouncement would have little meaning if the tempter, represented as the serpent, had already crawled upon the ground; but the statement, worded as a prophecy, conveys the idea that he did not. Therefore, it must be conceded, if the judgment be carried out by natural law, that it has been brought about by the act of malicious deception, which forced the deceived to take on the form assigned to deception in outward embodiment through the law of correspondence.

But this mythical tempter, that stands by the "tree of knowledge," represents, with much precision and truthfulness, the lower self-hood of the human heart that, wholly enchained by the senses, seductively argues with, and urges, the higher self-hood to yield to the senses and taste of the "tree of

knowledge," saying: "Why should you deny yourself of any pleasure, the punishment is after all not great, and you will gain much knowledge and experience, that you will be all the better and wiser for." Overcome by this seductive argument, the higher self yields up her sovereignty, no help, indeed, for it at this stage, and falls under the subjection of the lower nature, that, as such, grovels ever in the dust, drawing the higher down to the same level till finally conquered by the warrior prince, who comes to claim and to restore his bride thus seduced, for the time being, from her allegiance to her true lord.

Therefore, the serpent has been chosen as the typical embodiment of the lower sense-nature, characterised by the lower passions. And, consequently, in this creature, as set forth in the scriptures of the Orient and in the narrative in Genesis, we have an intimation of a self-wrought, remedial judgment, of which scientific investigation now partly establishes the fact.

Nor is it to be wondered at, that the serpents and dragons of the physical world, of all creatures, have been chosen, as illustrating, practically, the most debased embodiment of the evil principle, when we come to think that they are not only the most repellent but the most subtle and dangerous creatures of the whole animal creation. The proverbial wisdom of the serpent, and the exercise of that wisdom by the whole order, *i. e.*, the deadly fascination and hypnotic power they exert over the creatures they would destroy, was well known of old, and led to the reptiles being worshipped as the possessors of extraordinary powers; and, also, to their being kept for the purpose of inducing the trance or hypnotic

condition in certain sensitive females, who, in that state, were wont to deliver oracles, answer questions, and make prophetic announcements to those consulting them for that purpose,—hence the name of Pythonesses, by which these female sensitives were known.

But though on the downward curve of “becoming” there be many grades of evil embodiment, the serpent, as stated, gives expression to the most repellent form of the same; but physically speaking, in that it is deprived of outward limbs, it is rendered proportionally weak; for evil, under this type, is deprived even of its mediæval claws, and the legendary fiend is here so plainly exhibited that all avoid him with abhorrence, and, being “bound” through the “lopping off” or deprivation of his external limbs, they can easily evade his pursuit.

Milton, in the following pregnant lines, has given us the manner of this mythical “binding” of Satan:—

His arms clung to his ribs; his legs entwining
Each other, till, supplanted, down he fell,
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain, a greater Power
Now ruled him, punished in the shape he sinned,
According to his doom. He would have spoke
But hiss for hiss returned with forked tongue
To forked tongue, for now were all transformed.

Thus evil, characterised as Satan or Lucifer on the downward curve of “becoming,” is represented as deprived of the intellect, which he abused and the god-like form which expressed it. He is, figuratively, “bound” in his degraded form for a certain period. And, in allegorical language, as the sum-total of evil, he is represented as the Great Dragon, whose semblance in the physical world is expressed by the whole serpent tribe. These

creatures, including the larger snakes, the dragons and pythons of the East, and the huge anacondas of South America, are at least no myths, but terrible and impressive realities. They are physical enigmas, typical embodiments of evil, which must remain bound, as it were, till love, in time, undoes the work of hate by loosing the bonds and setting the prisoners free, restored in due season by the law of angelic evolution!*



*For further on this head, see "*The Fall of Lucifer.*"

THE HUMAN FORM DIVINE: A Contrast.

Upon the summit pointing onward still,
With all the dignity that power commands,
To other states in other worlds beyond,
Stands unapproached, the archetypal man
In whom the image of the Deity
On man conferred, is in its highest evolved.

—*Humanity and the Man, Book IV.*

AMONG the more important teachings of evolution is that of the perfection of the human form. Most readers now-a-days are aware that of the great divisions of the animal kingdom, that of the vertebrata is by far the most important, being that to which man himself belongs. This division is, speaking broadly, subdivided into orders and species, the species of any order or sub-order arranging themselves around a form, typical of that order; as the Quadrumana, for instance, which, however diversified in structure, are yet connected to each other by a series of intermediate links. The great physiologist, Goodsir, states in his "Anatomical Memoirs" that they arrange themselves around a type, which is that of an ape, but that the relation of man to the animal next below him cannot be determined, because man is a perfect being in his structure, and is excluded from lower animal forms by his completeness. We cannot

conceive of an animal preserving the vertebrate type developed beyond him.

But it is also plain that all the varieties of man arrange themselves around one central ideal unit of humanity, and that they are high or low in the scale of humanity as they approach to or recede from the characteristics of this sublime typical form in whom we must conceive is realised in its ultimate perfection both as regards physical beauty and mental endowment the grand ideal plan of creation.

Thus every group and order of vertebrates are, speaking generally, perfect after their own particular plans of organization, but relatively to the human, the highest and ultimate development of the vertebrate type, they are imperfect; for every expression of that type below the human must necessarily be imperfect, such relative imperfection—the “binding” of their material organization—being more and more pronounced as we descend, until in the “serpent” it assumes its utmost degree. The only apparent exception, perhaps the only remarkable exception, to this comparative or teleological perfection of vertebrate animals, seems to be among the *Quadrumana*. The mind, as it were, struggles to pierce some veiled mystery in the monstrous combinations of strength and weakness here presented to it. The painful impression and the undefinable shock which the chief representatives of this order produce in us seem to arise from a deficiency of this comparative animal perfection, that belongs to other members of the vertebrate kingdom. The jarring disproportion, the incongruity and sense of want, are all the more striking when directly contrasted with the harmonious symmetry and perfection of the human form. How marvellous is the effect! How over-

whelming is the sense of linear harmony and beauty that floods the soul when, turning away from the imperfect and misshapen troglodytes, we gaze in our museums upon the sculptured ideals of humanity, such as the Appollo Belvidere, the Paphian Venus, or the Huntress Queen! We turn to the beautiful lines of Milton to find all that words can express:—

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
God-like erect with native honour clad,
In naked majesty seemed lords of all,
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone!



SEX-WORSHIP, AND THE CIRCLE AND CROSS.

Thus in their worship though perverted then,
As in all worship in those early days,
Was recognised the principle of 'sex,'
And held by men as paramount; for they
The Masculine and Feminine had found
Pervading nature, e'en the elements,
In heat and moisture, earth and air alike.
In moisture vivified by heat they saw
The source of life, the primal Genetrix,—
The gentle spirit of Maternity,
The Dove that on the mighty waters moved
And rested on the mystic Ark of old.
And hence the legend of the Queen of Love,
Ishtar or Venus, Aphrodite called,
Uprising on the bosom of the "deep,"
Uprising in the vapour of the sea.

—The Dual Image, Book V.



WITH the worship of the sun, the masculine impregnator of nature as the mother, both representative of the Father-Mother, the Dual Creator of all that is, must be considered the worship of the sexes; for the worship of sex, like that of the sun, has been universal from the earliest times, and underlies all systems of religion that the world has had down to the present day, and of which venerated relics may still be seen in pillars, steeples, churches, temples, pyramids, and

mounds natural and artificial.

But amongst the chief emblems used in the worship of sex, which universally denotes the dual mode of creative force, are the "Circle" and the "Cross," and of like import the circle and the simple "line," expressed by the letters I O, which embrace both the masculine and feminine elements. The line, like that ancient symbol of sex and generation, the serpent turned upon itself, with its tail in its mouth, forms the circle; and both, with the cross-line added, represent the lines of "limitation," or the individuation of the Infinite by the institution of "form." These lines so used are inseparable from the idea of manifested Being, which can only become manifest through dimensional limitation.

But as three lines—the basic lines of form—crossing each other in the opposite directions of length, breadth, and thickness, give us circumscribed cubic dimension within the radius of the circle of their possible revolution, it follows that in these crossed lines within the circle, which limits their indefinite extension into space, we have the basis of all individuated forms whatever. And, therefore, every form of entity, great or small, animate or inanimate, is aggregated around and built upon the fundamental lines of the cross within the circle.

But this limitation within the Infinite of single, multiple, and serial individuation involves their submission to the binding rule of "law"—the law or laws of manifested Being, operant and equipoised between two opposite poles. Hence the sacrifice implied in this binding of the Infinite upon the "cross" of matter as manifested in the universe.

And accordingly, in keeping with this, the eternal sacrifice of the Infinite, man himself, pre-eminently in the form of a

cross, as the microcosm of the universe, is said mystically to suffer upon the cross during his education in the flesh—the time that he is under training of the polar opposites known as Good and Evil. The serpent or dragon of the dust on the descending curve must be lifted upon the cross of the Human, from which originally as Lucifer he descended in the great cycle of “becoming” until educated thereby through the re-kindling and expansion of the, for the time, suppressed and latent germs of those faculties and qualities that originally constituted him a son of God—faculties needed by him to bring into subjection and equipoise the lower propensities and passions of his animal nature that in his descent and fleshly education dominated his intellect, making use of it for evil ends until the individual, at length educated in this way, gains the victory over the passions, which can no longer dominate the intellect, which thenceforth is solely devoted to promoting and executing the behests of love, reason and justice. Then is it that man is said to have attained to the stature of the Christ, the Ruler whose intellect for ever sits enthroned above the animal-nature which during his long education held him in bondage and subjection.

These were among the fundamental truths revealed to the “wise” by the sages of old in the universal symbols of the “Circle” and the “Cross”—the Mystic Tau—the dual emblem of creation by generation, upon which is erected the mighty edifice of the universe; for as these lines subtend the macrocosm, so do they also underlie the microcosm. They are at once symbols of “becoming,” re-birth, sacrifice, and final regeneration; and as such they are pre-eminently the symbols of of “Sex,” which in itself is an expression of the dual aspects

assumed by the creative powers of nature, known as the masculine and feminine, the one being essentially the complement of the other; and hence they have been held sacred, and used in worship from prehistoric times to the present day as universal symbols of creation by generation; in fact, of all that is made manifest through "form."

And thus from the Circle and the Cross—the Mystic Tau—as universal sex emblems were formulated the symbolic letters I. O. and I. O. A., more frequently written Je. O. vA., which stand alike for Jehova or Javeh, names that include Eve, the mother as well as the father: the Dual Power that made all things, and man pre-eminently in the self-same image—male and female!—the I AM—the mystic AUM—as the affirmation of eternal existence.



How to be Strong and Symmetrical With Health of Body and Mind.

And thence it was, that men in time acquired
The mould heroic and in form became
The very types of manly symmetry,
With agile frames and stalwart arms endowed
To wield the club or bend the mighty bow.

—*The Dual Image, Book VII.*

IT is apparent that through the teaching of experience man has to a great extent conquered the evils of his environment as regards soil and climate with rude habits of life and unsuitable clothing and food; and to the same extent has he overcome the once potent influence of these in the moulding of his bodily physique, form, and even colour. And especially is this the case in proportion as he, profiting by experience, has adhered to the principles of temperance in all things; and to this we must chiefly look, rather than to the influence of soil and climate, for any change for the better in his physical appearance. It is, in fact, to rational modes of living, as regards clothing and housing and eating and drinking, that we must turn our attention and not to surroundings, important as these are. Indeed, trainers of men and animals know this practically, and do not set about their work by blowing out the system with over-feeding and the use of large quantities of fluid, but use instead moderate

quantities of solid and nutritious food, which, with exercise, has the effect of adding to the strength and firmness of the limbs, while it diminishes superabundant fatty tissue and keeps the weight and volume of the digestive apparatus within the smallest possible compass. In this condition of body when any undue prominence of the muscles is toned down by the necessary padding of a certain amount of adipose tissue, we have a high degree of strength and symmetry combined; the limbs bear the largest relative proportion to the weight of the body, while the abdomen and the organs of digestion and nutrition bear the smallest; and on this conformation of body depends the symmetry and beauty of its outline and that comely proportion of waist, so much admired in the female sex, though often marred and squeezed out of shape, by the unthinking in their vain, inartistic efforts to heighten natural beauty.

Indeed, looking to the facts before us, it is plain that if we go on distending the organs of digestion and nutrition by over eating and drinking, we must materially add to their weight and volume, and as a general rule, to the quantity of adipose tissue which no longer tends, as in healthy states, to be distributed equally over the body, but to accumulate chiefly around the abdomen and its viscera. For as we have seen that the normal compact dimensions of the digestive apparatus was sufficient for the healthy nutrition of the system, it follows that if more food and drink be poured into the alimentary tract than nature requires, it cannot be utilized by the general system, which is not distensible to any great extent, and must therefore, if it do not derange the general health, be expended on that part of the system which is distensible, namely, on the

digestive apparatus itself.

So, if man would attain to and preserve a high standard of physical perfection, he must above all things observe the golden rule of temperance in eating and drinking. But in addition, if he would be healthy in body and mind, he must attend to other matters of equal importance as regards his well-being in general. And first of all he must beware of that state of careless indolence common to most people, that hardly ever allows or inclines them to take a full breath, or to straighten themselves naturally when they find themselves inclined to bend forward and stoop their shoulders. It is no wonder that such persons become bent and old and ailing before the time. No one with common sense to avoid it would ever allow themselves to become stooped or prematurely aged in appearance. They ought to get into the habit, easily acquired, of naturally straightening up their shoulders, a movement that tends much to expand the chest, thereby assisting and promoting full breathing, a thing that all ought to practice from time to time as most conducive to the promotion and preservation of good health.

Moreover, let man copy Nature in her joyous life-giving moods. He is part of Nature, and therefore if he will, he can draw on her boundless sources of energy, that are free to be utilised by all in proportion as they can take of them. This boon is his by natural right if he will only have it; for the same power is his if he only knows how to utilise it, that is in the oak, that lifts itself from the earth in defiance of gravitation. Then why should man indolently bend down, thinking he must grow old? No, let him take lessons of Nature and sing with the birds in the very exuberance of life and spirit! Why

should he, of all creatures, be ill and fretful and melancholy? He, too, is of Nature—her offspring, moreover, her darling and masterpiece. Why should he be ill and go about moaning? She will, if he allows her, take care of him in all his goings. Therefore, why should he worry himself, fretting daily? Let him never worry, not because life is short, as often said, but because life is eternal and unending, and all things will be righted in good time if he have only patience. Why should one fret either because a midge in a “temper” has tried to annoy him through some misunderstanding? Leave his midgeship, and think not of him. If you fret and worry and try to retaliate you put yourself on a par with him. The envious little creature that would annoy you, thinking himself somebody of importance, will one day discover that he is but a midge, dancing fantastically in the evening air; and with this knowledge dawning upon him, he will forthwith expand unto greater dimensions, he will become in a true sense proportionally great, free, and lordly; at one with Nature that he so long lived at variance with. Therefore, let universal sympathy with all and all things grow within you; let love, not enmity, be the guiding star of your life; it will confer on you health, strength and comeliness. Banish all antipathies from your mind; they are unnatural and entail misery. All hatred corrodes the health of body and mind, and sours the countenance which Nature intended to be Divine and God-like! Oh! man, hate not, but love always, and it shall be well with thee, and thou shalt avoid much severe discipline; for Nature will have it so at any cost; she is thy mother, tender hearted, but stern if need be.

“A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.”

And there, more dire, the Gorgons, too, while made
 Avengers of the guilty, were themselves
 Set forth as types of those whom evil lives—
 Whom passion, hate and perfidy had changed
 From forms of beauty to fell ugliness,
 Expressive of the hatred that repels,
 And mortals with a shrinking fear avoid,
 That froze the heart, the fount of love itself,
 Until to them nor love nor lust remained
 Nor any pulse of passion stirred the blood,
 But fled with love that bounding life confers.

—*The Dual Image, Book VII.*

THE inspiration of the poet in the above oft repeated line is avouched by the fact that the creation of “beauty,” and especially of personal beauty as seen in the human form divine, is a prime object with Nature, for the attainment of which she has wrought throughout the ages.

But personal beauty, like every trait of humanity, is under the regulation and guidance of natural law, which evolved it in the first place, and strives ever to preserve and enhance it. But as all human traits have their polar opposites, through which they are differentiated and discerned, we have “ugliness” as the opposite of beauty; but ugliness being the negation

of beauty and not permanent or a primary aim of Nature, tends to vanish while the "beautiful," which is "good," remains as the noblest realization of evolution on the human plane.

Now people in general do not understand as they ought, that in a great measure they have in their own charge the making of themselves beautiful or ugly during the whole course of their lives. They, indeed, have little idea that they can mar or enhance, otherwise than artificially by dress the degree of natural beauty with which they were endowed as a birth-right inheritance; and, therefore, they do not give the matter the consideration and attention which its supreme importance demands.

But although the masses are thus ignorant and careless on a subject which so intimately concerns them, yet its basic truth has always been known to the select few; for the "wise" in all ages recognized, with more or less clearness, that beauty of person is the outward symbol of inward beauty of soul; that it is the outwrought expression of love which has evolved it; that it is, in its degree, "goodness" or God made manifest in the flesh, and is still dependent for its maintainance on Love, its creator; for it is the love-element within the soul which confers upon us health, beauty, peace and immortality. It confers permanent individuality as opposed to "evil" in its many forms of embodiment, which are but transitory and pass away when this work in the evolution of "good" is accomplished; for evil embodiment, to a certain extent, is negation, the fleeting expression of animal selfishness and, in its most virulent forms tends to vanish; for "hate" as opposed to "love" is repellent and tends to move from the centre and dissipate whilst love is attractive, concentrative, and abides

forever.

Recognizing these facts, it must be apparent that right-thinking, the constant indulgence of kindly thoughts, not only confers health of body and mind but tends more and more to beautify the features even to old age, whilst the exercise of the mind with evil-thinking and hatred, especially if concentrated and long continued, lowers the health of the body and imprints itself upon the countenance, being thus outwardly manifested as the ugliness that repels, and from which people shrink in proportion to its degree. And yet withal it must be borne in mind that this untoward result of evil-thinking is no vindictive or capricious punishment by an "angry God," but the self-wrought outcome, which inevitably takes place under the operation of natural law, but which, in the language of religion, might not inaptly be called judgment.

It cannot, therefore, be too widely known that if people wish to be personally beautiful they must be "good" and above all things cultivate a "good temper;" for bad temper and especially chronic spitefulness, in proportion to its intensity, will to a certainty render them in time not only unattractive but repellent, the very reverse of all that is lovable. This is fact not theory, an old doctrine; and as such it has at all times to a great extent pervaded the religions of the world; for all of them worthy of the name were primarily intended by their formulators as a means to further the grand aim of Nature in the evolution and perpetuation of a noble humanity, whose distinguishing feature would be above all a divine beauty, which is goodness—a thing of heaven and a joy forever.



NATURE WORSHIP.

They worship nature who in sympathy
 Respond as children in a happy mood
 To her appeals for admiration, when
 Before them she, in beauty robed, appears.
 For she with subtle influence would draw
 Them ever into closer unity,
 That they themselves, as one with her, might grow
 To be what they admired and loved,—the shrines
 Divinely fair, of beauty realized
 In angel-hood transcendently adorned.
 And hence the secret of that mystic tie,—
 That natal bond that man and nature binds
 On every plane in mutual sympathy.
 For all men in their several degrees
 Respond to beauty, prompted from within
 By intuition of the soul, that seeks
 The “beautiful” as her inheritance,
 That from of old unto herself belonged;
 And needful now unto her new ascent,
 Her cyclic growth on divers mundane planes.
 Hence, too, the sense of admiration, which
 Is worship and the tribute of the soul,
 Whether accorded in the halls of art
 Or nature’s temples fashioned by her hands.
 For nature’s temples everywhere exist
 By hill and dale, and mountain waste and plain,
—*Niagara and Nature Worship.*



F the nobler traits and instincts of the human
 mind, one of the most subtle and deeply grounded
 is an ever-present sympathy with the phases of
 external nature as manifested in the changes of

season and in the different combinations of landscape, whether new and strange or old and familiar as they respectively present themselves to the view of the traveller or the peasant wandering upon his native hills. In this universal sympathy with the outward world lies the very basis of worship itself, which thus becomes natural to man. Yet all are not conscious of being influenced by it to a like degree. The child, the youth, and the man of the world are, indeed, in their several capacities, pleased with the joyous aspects of Nature, clad in her summer drapery of white and green and gold: Yet it is those of a poetic temperament with the artist and the painter, who are moved to the depths of their being by the ever varying phases of nature. But again it is during the receptive and impressionable period of child-hood that this love of nature may be most readily fanned into an unquenchable flame. Then it is that the ground work of nature worship is unconsciously laid, and with it, reverence of the Great Unseen. The subtle yet soft and harmonious voice of nature steals, as it were, upon the young and opening faculties, blending with the inner consciousness till fixed in the memory, it makes the past for ever in the present live. From all around, from wood and stream, from purple heath and hill this voice of nature speaks. —The green sward studded with fragrant flowers, the white and gold bespangled fields, glowing in the sun, and enlivened by the hum of the bee and the wild joyous carol of countless birds rejoicing in their liberty, melt and absorb the soul, filling it with that sense of harmony ever called forth by the varied aspects of nature in her prime.

Such is the message of external nature, which voiced in the music of her homilies rings unceasingly from her myriad

pulpits. To interpret this voice and message of nature to the young and to so expound her works and teaching as to bring them within the mental grasp of the people, would be to refine and elevate the rising generations beyond all previous conception of what was deemed possible in this respect.

There are indeed those, who preach their flower-sermons and those, who take the children of the poor out into the flowery fields, there for a day, in forgetfulness of their wretched homes and festering alleys, to revel with the birds in the fragrant health-giving air. Who can tell the amount of permanent good such excursions, few though they be, are productive of to those poor alley-imprisoned children. They remain fondly treasured up in the memory, an oasis amid sadness and misery whence they ever and anon glance forth like gleams of sunshine through a broken cloud to light up and refresh minds all but poisoned with the unwholesome impressions of wretchedness and squalor with which they are on all sides surrounded!



THE CORRELATION OF COLOURING As Regards Natural Scenery & Bird-Life.

A very wilderness of bloom and shade,
Enlivened by the happy feathered tribes—
Blue king-fishers and golden orioles
With bulbuls, coils and the Indian thrush,
Whose thrilling notes in unison resound,
And social minas, doves and parakeets,
And blue-winged rollers flitting round the trees,
While proudly perched upon the temple walls
And balconies or strutting on the sward
With gorgeous train or spangled hood upraised
The solar-bird, long sacred deemed, is seen—
The solar-bird that multiplies the sun
In all the diamonds of its arching fan;
A living symbol of the solar-God,
Befitting well his temples for all time.

—*The Dual Image, Book IV.*

THE varieties of colouring met with in natural scenery are arranged not only in harmony with particular localities, but are disposed, as it were, with a view to the production of certain effects, which are brought out under suitable conditions—conditions of season, sunshine and cloud, that bring, each their special phases and aspects. The meadows of the valley, that skirt the river, green as an emerald, the upland moor with its wealth of purple heath, bathed in the sunlight, are all in strict keeping with the

surrounding locality. The rolling pasture land, carpeted with daisies and dandelions and ornamented with hawthorns of nature's planting, forms a scene on which the eye loves to linger. Again the rugged waste or hill-side overgrown with gorse, in its spring vesture of green and gold, is at all times a sight of indèscribable loveliness. It is one of nature's flower gardens, unrivalled for effect by anything that art could create.

Indeed in the arrangement of all natural scenery a great purpose is apparent—a purpose having beauty and harmony of colouring for its object. And this purpose extends also to the denizens of animated nature and especially to insect and bird-life, the special colouring of which is, as it were, adjusted with regard to effects in correlation with the coloring of the great inanimate scenes of nature to which these creatures give a special charm—a joyous sense of animation without which such scenes would assume a more or less deserted and lonely aspect. In some instances these effects are produced on a grand scale by striking and harmonious contrasts: for instance the majority of those different species and varieties of sea-gull, which look out for their food upon the wing is white, a color which Mr. Darwin admitted could not have been brought about by natural selection, for the reason that it renders them too conspicuous. But nature intended them to be conspicuous. They must be visible at long distances as the scenes of which they form a part are wide and grand. The most brilliant metallic tints, however beautiful at close range could not be discerned or appreciated when seen at a distance; but white being visible at long ranges, is beyond question the most effective color for distant views. For example a flock of gulls as seen from the headland on a bright day in clamorous pursuit of a shoal of fish is a very

pleasing and effective sight. They are out in the distance but their white plumage, in striking contrast to the deep blue of the water and the sky, renders them distinctly visible.

But as regards the class of gulls in general there is a very marked difference as to color between the smaller and more active gulls, which are white, and the large-bodied heavy ones, which are generally of an ashy gray. As the latter lie lazily upon the sands of the beach, their dull plumage seems to be in keeping with nothing that we can think of at the time; but let the scene be changed; let the blue sky be obscured with dark clouds and the sea be rolled into mounds by the violence of the gale and the large ashy colored gulls that lay before so lazily upon the sands are all life, sweeping to and fro upon the wing, braving the fury of the tempest as no other birds could. Their dull plumage is then seen to be in keeping with the dark sky overhead and the dark, storm-tossed water beneath.

It is in keeping with the tumultuous scene in which the bird appears to rejoice and to which it imparts a peculiar charm, sweeping ceaselessly, as though it were the restless spirit of the storm, about the headland and neighboring cliffs, rising and sinking, poised on extended but motionless wings as if by the sole effort of its will.

Again as regards inland birds a bright plumage is associated in idea as in fact with evergreen vegetation, with flowers and sunny skies; and consequently those birds that possess it in a high degree are denizens of the south or accompany the sun to the north to return again as the cold season sets in. To get some conception of the beauty of these creatures of air and sunshine their rich tints must be seen in bright weather at close quarters. The peacock, that gorgeous bird of the sun,

must be seen upon the lawns under the bright skies of summer. How indescribably beautiful is the effect of these magnificent birds as their gorgeous trains float upon the breeze or sparkle in the sun amid the luxuriant vegetation of their native clime. They are indeed, of all others, the birds of the sun, sacred to Rama and the gods of Ind. One is inclined to venerate the Hindu religion that has preserved from destruction in their natural state birds so lovely. We in these countries, in our unwarrantable assumption of superior knowledge, may set this down to superstition; but it is to be wished that some such cause would operate in checking that deplorable propensity for the destruction of animal life exhibited by all classes of Europeans at home and abroad—a propensity, as regards birds especially, too often indulged in from mere wantonness or with the supposed laudable intention of making a “collection,” not always indeed to enrich our great public museums of natural history for the general use and enlightenment of the people, but more frequently with the idea of making a private collection for the gratification of a few individuals or worse still, and far more censurable, to serve as ornaments for the dresses and headgear of our most christian ladies, who, figuring fantastically in their unnatural “get ups”—the spoils torn ruthlessly from the loveliest creatures of the earth—are always most anxiously concerned for the speedy conversion of Hindoos and “heathens” to their own particular way of praying, thinking and living. Alas! they are themselves the heathen who need to be converted and to have their eyes opened to the absurd figures they cut in the eyes of all enlightened and thoughtful Orientals. For all such idle and most reprehensible purposes the world at large is being daily despoiled of its loveliest denizens—its

glorious feathered tribes, many of which are fast becoming things of the past!



STAND ASIDE !

And have they chosen, of their own free will,
 The entering on incarnate modes of "being?"
 And chosen "evil" as a "sacrifice"
 Directly knowing the consequence thereof,
 Or afterwards in ignorance, not knowing,
 As legends and veiled allegories tell
 Of Lucifer, through intellect misused?—
 Through intellect, that knowing Good and Ill
 The latter chose for selfish ends and aims,
 And hence by "law" inevitable changed,
 Like that proud Babylonian King condemned
 To dwell with oxen and with them to browse,
 Bereft of intellect that made him man,
 Till over him full seven times had passed.

—Khandalla and Nature Worship.



F the many undesirable traits noticeable among men there are few or none more reprehensible than that loathsome pride, born of ignorance and prejudice, which says to a fellow mortal, with a shrug of disdain,—“Stand aside, I am better than thou!” It matters not whether the uncourteous intimation be expressed by gesture, tone of voice, or more coarsely and directly in the contemptuous names long current in society, all of which are equivalents to what Scripture has so concisely summed up in the words,—“thou fool,” as applied to a brother in the broad sense of the general relationship of all mankind,—a designation,

that applied in scorn, was threatened with the direst penalty; and rightly too, when it is borne in mind, that the use of such expressions of contempt towards others is an unfailing source of undying animosity not only amongst individuals but whole classes which it sets one against the other.

Indeed, it may be said in truth that a spirit of pride manifested in this way is, of all traits of personal character, the most hateful in the sight of those who can discern it in its true light and to the full extent of its evil influence on society; but we do not say that all who wilfully in this way stir up anger in their fellows are in danger of the fires of Gehenna, but say rather they are amongst the "undeveloped," and on the road to utter abasement, like the Babylonian king in the old legend, whose heart was lifted up with pride but who was cast down in consequence, condemned to dwell with oxen until educated in this way he was restored to his former state; for is it not truly said of old that "pride goes before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." In other words all such are on the downward curve of "becoming" and are nearing the reptile arc of the same whence, let us hope, they will ascend in due course, taught by suffering according to their needs and enriched by that experience that in time makes perfect and leads to the rest of the upright.



HUMANITY AND THE MAN.

BOOK I.

J SING of Life, Humanity and the Man,
 ' Who first of Heaven through primal states upcalled
 To earth awoke in human consciousness;
 But who for ages dwelt in Paradise,
 Ethereal, yet not unsubstantial realms
 With landscape varient in hill and dale.
 A blissful clime where he in peace long dwelt,
 Until he heard of treasures to be won
 By patient toil upon the planes of earth.
 And hence earth-drawn and love-impelled, he came
 From out his home in the Ethereal Light
 To gain experience on the mundane plane
 Where he must suffer a divided life,
 Wand'ring alone parted from his mate
 At the head-waters of a mighty stream
 Where he, drawn by supernal love, had come
 Accompanied by angels ministrant
 Who soothed his sorrow by celestial strains
 And filled him with the certain hope that he
 In lapse of time should find again his mate
 Now caught from him by the dividing stream.

Then folded in oblivious sleep he lay,
How long he knew not but he woke to find
His memory sealed nor knew he aught indeed
Of his high origin or long descent,
But found himself within an upland vale
Nigh mountain ranges towering to the clouds,
Not knowing why or whence he came or how
Or whither bound or what his destiny;
But as a child with life exuberant
Roaming at will he unto manhood grew,
A robust youth in his fair upland home;
A genial land that as a garden smiled
With richest fruits and flowers of every hue
And many a grove with crystal meres between.

Here dwelt the Man and in existence joyed
Naught questioning of life the mysteries
Or hidden cause so far beyond his ken
Until—sure sign of higher destiny—
Within his soul intuitively rose
A longing vague for something still beyond
His present lot or what he now enjoyed.
And thus impelled there's naught he will not dare
To satisfy this craving of the soul.
If only he the knowledge might attain
Of higher Good and higher states of bliss
The knowledge he of Evil would essay.

And thus impelled and inwardly resolved
He questioned nature, seeking to extort

The secret of her wisdom, and to make
Himself the master of her hidden lore.
But as he entered on his quest he found
Deep in the centre of a grove hard by
The Tree of Knowledge of both Good and Ill
With fairest fruit to tempt the appetite
Which ruled by reason must in abstinence
Be fully tried, not gorged before the time
With fruits unripe of knowledge yet reserved.
And by his side the Mythic Tempter stood,
The lower self-hood of the human heart
The darker element to light opposed,
The Polar opposite that wars on Good,
Contending ever for the mastery,
Yet needful to the forming of the self,
That when complete would gradually expand,
Ascending to the region whence it came,
Enriched by manifold experience gained
In fleshy robes upon the mundane plane.
No help for it for all things must be tried;
For through illusion lies the mortal's way
Till he escape the glamour of the sense
And knows the substance from the show of things.

And so indeed the Tempter by the Tree,
The Mystic Tree that midst the garden grew,
O'er willing man an easy victory gained;
For man should fall that he might thence ascend
By choosing Good when Evil he had tried.
And hence his warfare on the earthly plane.

That weary warfare so disheartening still
Despite the visions flashed upon his soul—
The glorious visions of a brighter day
When he, a Conqueror, with loud acclaim
Should have the crown, the meed of victory.

And thus depressed with boding fear of ills
He sank in sleep, a troubled sleep, as though
Lethæan vapours bound him with their spells
And sealed his senses to the outer world.
Then folded in the shadowy realms of dream,
The inward sense of clogging substance freed,
Awakes to visions as of distant climes,
Rocks, mountains and untrodden solitudes,
Wide spreading seas, primeval woods and dales,
And verdant plains and habitable tracts,
Where hunters roamed or civilization spread.
But stranger still wherever man appeared
A striking group was ever with them seen—
A man, a woman and a comely child
Seemed ever by a dreadful foe beset,—
A Dragon huge, the Swallower, that rose
Against the man and crushed him in his folds
Unlil delivered by the fearless Child;
Who though a child had pierced him with his spear!
Which way he looked the group appeared the same:
The same upon the plains of Chaldea
As by old Neilos' sacred waters where
With solemn rites a Royal Lady mourned
Her husband by the Evil Dragon slain,

Dismembered there and drifted on the tide.
Then far removed, in dim and distant lands,
The shifting group, incongruous was seen,
The same, but yet more vague and shadowy.
The Dragon, too, more dreadful form assumed,
No longer vanquished, but triumphant now,
With fiendish rites and human sacrifice,
In monstrous shape, is worshipped as a God!
A god that still his worshippers devoured,
Till he and they vanished in the night!
Like one oppressed, the sleeper sobbed and groaned,
For on his mind the changing vision palled;
Nor seemed to pass, but still persistent rose,
Nor could he guess the meaning or divine
The import sought therein to be conveyed.
But here a voice, as from a distance, called,
And to him said, or seemed at least to say:—
“Come! I will shew thee what so troubles thee;
If thou canst understand, I will make known
The vision and the nature of the group.”
With this he woke, and for a time believed
The voice still present, though he no one saw.

Yet none-the-less the vision filled his soul
With vague presentiments of coming woe,
With evil in its direst forms expressed,
Which he must conquer or succumb thereto.
And simultaneous, too, dark doubts arose
With fears of danger as if nigh at hand,
That filled him ever with despondency.

Thus wandered he as in the nether gloom,
No ray of light to cheer him on his way,
Till suddenly an Angel by him stood,
Effulgent, shining in celestial robes!
And thus, with voice that rang clear as the tones
Of timbrel, lute, or golden harp, began:—
“Say whence has come this change deplorable,
What cause has dimmed the lustre of thy soul?
What hurt has it sustained, or injury,
That thy whole nature by the shock is changed?
Hast thou to appetite resigned thyself,
’Gainst reason’s voice, impatient of delay?
And hast thou sought, unwisely, to obtain
The secrets that unto the gods belong?
Thou would’st be wise, but hast not taken care
To shun the danger unto knowledge joined;
And yet as gods thou wouldst omniscient be,
Ascend all heights, explore all depths, and scan
The searchless secrets of Infinity.
The first step thou hast gained: thou art as gods,
Knowing the good and evil, and as gods,
With each in turn thou must essay thy skill.
Support thy claim to fellowship with Heaven!
Evolve the good, the evil overcome.
No easy task or light work thou hast chosen,
But one that will thy utmost care demand.
Yet all the greater credit thine; for know
Henceforth in virtue of this knowledge gained,
In all things that concern thy welfare here,
And future destiny when hence removed,

Thou art co-worker with the Deity!
Behoves thee now to take good heed and guard
With all thy might the treasure thou hast found;
For its right use thou art responsible,
It is a talisman brings in its train
Both good and ill; if wrongly used or worse,
If prostituted to base ends by thee
Or thy posterity, it will entail
On them and thee incalculable woe:
Assuredly unto the lowest ebb
Of intellect the erring race shall sink
Deprived of this the primal gift of Heaven
They so abused; then tottering here awhile
On ruin's brink shall vanish from the earth
Reason's bright ray within them all but quenched.
But if thou tend the gift with fostering care,
Expanding still, new glories 'twill unfold:
Thou shalt in time, ascending step by step,
Attain to heights of knowledge now beyond
Conception's power or fancy's wildest dream!
The glorious harmonies of nature too,
To thee in part their beauties shall reveal;
And thy soul glowing with kindred loveliness.
Shall recognize the beautiful and thrill
With happiness, till then, to thee unknown.

Too rashly thou the enemy hast dared;
Yet fret not that here in the first assault,
The Serpent, ancient type of Evil Will,
Has over thee a partial victory gained;

For thou, in turn, against him shalt prevail,
And must, or yield, for freely hast thou chosen;
And yet not freely, but as by constraint
Impelled to take this course, the only course,
As yet laid down by which thou can'st attain
To higher states, thine ancient heritage.
Grieve not that this is so; for rest assured,
All things throughout the boundless universe
Are ordered right: whatever is is best.
With courage therefore set about thy task,
Promote the good, the evil counteract.
A noble task, and one besides indeed
That will thy toil with interest repay
In future time; for know thou art henceforth
A conscious Traveller through Eternity;
And in thy several grades and states of being,
Co-worker with the Deity ordained.
Thou also shalt create for thine own good,
But see, that all thy work be genuine,
And bear the stamp of truth; all else is vain
And will not stand, or worse, will work thee woe.
But hence, depart, and find thee other home,
For here, unwittingly within this vale,
As heretofore no longer shalt thou dwell.
Henceforth by thine own labour shalt thou live;
Begin and persevere and overcome.
Compel the earth to give thee of her fruits;
And hold, as lord, dominion o'er her tribes;
So shalt thou raise a fairer home in time,
With all the products of the earth supplied,

Knowing no want; where knowledge free to all
Shall yield her stores of intellectual food.
But steep th' ascent and long the way, indeed,
That thou must tread ere at the goal arrived;
And dangers wait at every turn besides
And blinding fogs thy vision shall obscure,
Yet see, the while, that thou persist, for light
Piercing the dark shall oft thy steps illumine,—
Light such as thou art fitted to receive.
At first truth veiled in allegory shall
To thee be given; but as the mind expands,
In literal form direct shall be revealed.
For like a child, with simplest rudiments,
Thou must begin; all other modes are vain.
Go, persevere, and bear in mind that thou
Art placed on trial of thy fitness for
Promotion hence to higher state or sphere.
And such as I am, such thou too shalt be,
And greater far in time's revolving course!"

So spake the angel and abrupt withdrew;
His words the Traveller with new hope inspired,
And so, in turn, he went upon his way,
Yet sorrowed much, his early home to leave,
And wander forth unfriended and alone.
He wept with sense of loneliness o'ercome;
But soon new scenes and th' urgent wants of life
Demanding toil, his sorrowing tears dispelled.

'Twas in such mood with resolution fixed

To persevere, the Traveller journeyed on
Through distant lands and regions desolate,
Until he reached far in the middle waste
A point where all seemed suddenly to change.
He entered there a deep secluded dell,
A long defile that wound its gloomy course
Remote among the mountain solitudes.
Beneath the rude cliffs and the rocks he passed,
That all in ruinous confusion piled
O'erlook'd the glen, as there, vast, motionless,
Crag, pinnacle, and precipice they stood,
In all the vague varieties of form
Which revelling fancy on the outline grafts;
Embattled tower, colossal head or bust,
Memnon or Sphinx by hand of nature framed,
Vaster than e'er Egyptian king designed,
Or priest, to guard the temple of his gods!
At intervals some gnarled trees were found
And undershrub with berries richly laden,
And here and there more stately growths of pine,
Or mountain oak, affording grateful shade,
As by the marge of crystal pool they stood
Reflected clear, or by the founts that welled
From 'neath the rocks or streams that hasted down
The hilly slopes, collecting from above.
With wonder and a sense of awe he gazed
Upon the heights and towering pinnacles,
That round him rose, diversified and vast.
With new delight each point he scans and climbs
Each rocky ridge and spur and wide explores

• The deep recesses of the mountain dell.
But like a man on pleasure all intent,
Unsatisfied with what he has obtained,
His path direct within the glen he leaves
To stray among the mountain solitudes,
That with false show attract his erring steps.

Then straight, intending to return full soon,
He sought some way by which he might ascend,
Some mountain pass presenting gradual slope.
Height after height successively he gains;
But gained in turn still other heights succeed
What seemed the last, illusive from below,
Tempting him on to the ascent, which seen
At first had been abandoned in despair,
A task impossible; but thus displayed,
By halves in part, unwitting draw him on,
Until, amid the mountain ranges hemmed,
He lost his way, and sought in vain return.
Perplexed, and with keen sense of danger urged,
From point to point, by hill and strait, he went,
Seeking some pass by which he might descend,
When sudden on a hanging cliff he came.
Beneath him lay a horrid gulf, a rift,
As if the shattered mountain had disjoined—
All natural objects shrank to smallest size
In the dim distance seen; rock-rooted pines
Or giant oaks dwindled to undershrub,
The very sounds like dreamy echoes there
Rose indistinct and languid from below.

And full in front, from upper ranges drawn,
A mighty torrent foamed impetuous down
Its rocky course, enveloped in white spray,
Till, thundering, o'er the broken ledge it swept,
Shooting within an arch of purple and gold
Into the abyss aneath the cloven hills.
Spell-bound upon the awful verge he lay
Both awe and wonder in his breast combined,
Emboldened then he sought if any pass
Among the cliffs might lead into the gorge
By which perchance he might regain the vale.
When lo! descending from the frigid hills
Thick fogs advance and with their gloom involve
Both rocks and gulfs, which round him lie unseen
But in his thoughts more terrible become,
For shuddering here at every step he fears
Downward into the dark abyss to fall,
Or on the brink he seems to stand amazed,
Clings to the rock, or strives convulsively
To reach the top or find some surer hold;
While strained imagination pictured there
Impaling crags and yawning rifts and chasms.
So struggled he on ruin's brink, beyond
All human aid, and darkness round him closed.
Meanwhile, the ghastly promptings of despair
And horrid shapes on every side assail
With dark suggestions, urging him to seek
A refuge in the death he would avoid.
But at this pass again the Angel came
All radiant still, but milder than before;

Compassion, tenderness and charity
Sat on his countenance, shone in his eyes,
Or trembled on his tongue, as thus he spake:—
“Ah! wretched; wherefore didst thou, erring, leave,
To wander here, thy destined course prescribed.
Enough of dangers there awaited thee,
And toils, but toils proportioned to thy strength,
And such as might in time be overcome;
But those aneath which now thou should'st fallen
Thou soughtest out, not on thee were imposed;
Yet fear not now, for nobly hast thou done,
Nobly hast toiled; what mortal could, thou didst.
Come! follow me! henceforth I am thy guide,
And will to thee, as we proceed, unfold
Whatever in the present thou shouldst know,
Things past, things present, and to come in part:
Let this suffice, nor seek to compass more.”

BOOK II.



THEN down the mount by easy gradients, then
As down the centuries alike they passed,
And came at length upon a fertile plain,
And on the plain a noble Race they found,—
A noble Race, whom Yima taught and ruled,
The Gentle Yima, that great Shepherd King,
Son of Vivanghat, unto Mazda dear—
Great Ahura-Mazda, the Fore-knowing One,
The God Supreme, whom Yima trusted in;
Who warned him then of coming years of change,
Of wintry storms, and counselled him to make
A vast enclosure for both man and beast
A structure planned by square and rule exact;
For strength designed and durability.
And in the haze and distance there appeared
On every side as far as eye could reach
A multitude, uncultured, fierce and wild;
Hunters they seemed who lived improvident
From day to day on what the chase supplied.

Then asked the Traveller of his Heavenly Guide:
“What means that structure with the central few?
And what the crowds that stand aloof therefrom,
That scattered multitude dispersed abroad
And in the distance vanish from the sight?”

To whom in turn the Angel then replied:
“The scattered multitudes thou seest are those,

The Hunter tribes, uncouth and wild, who heed
Not Yima's counsel but pursue their way
And will not enter civilization's pale,
And hence in time are to extinction doomed.
Even now the crisis comes! behold how dark
The lowering heavens! Destruction teems on high;
Their doom descends with cataclysmal swoop;
But heedless as the brute they reck not yet
The death that nears, or fate that o'er them hangs."

But these old days had come and gone, and now,
In this same land, great Zarathustra taught
The people whom King Yima had preserved,
A noble Race, the Aryans of Iran,
But tainted with the dark idolatries
Of neighbouring tribes, Turanian peoples, whom
They now had come to conquer and supplant.
And hence their need of Zarathustra then
To state anew the creed that Yima taught;
Great Zarathustra sent of Ahura,
The special prophet of Iran, now come
The bearer of a nobler doctrine, based
Upon the principles of brotherhood;
Who taught the people ever to avoid
Both hate and lies, the serpent's attributes,
And speak the truth in all sincerity,
Trusting alone in Ahura-Mazda's might,
Whose shining symbol in the heavens they saw,—
The eye of Mazda, the All-seeing One!
And Mithra, Ruler of the fields of Light;

Wide pastures, traversed by the heavenly kine,
Whom they should worship in the Sacred Fire,
Avoiding idols and all images
Lest they should lapse into idolatry.
Who taught them tolerance besides, and how
Naught in itself was evil at the first
But had become so of necessity,
Bound by the laws of manifested life,
Being needed as the polar opposite
Of God and Good; and therefore how it was
The Bright One had elected to descend
And suffer eclipse for the sake of Good;
Of his own choice being made a sacrifice
That Good through Evil might the more abound.

Thus through the teaching of her noble sage,
Which freed the people from the evil yoke
Of idol worship, did Iran attain
To eminence and Sovereignty.
A nation chosen to maintain the Light
Of true religion 'mong the peoples round
Until the teaching of the Hebrew Seers
Was formulated and the Semites rose
To eminence and took their place in turn
As Revelators of the word of Truth.
The Hebrews with their line of seers unique,
From that Great Sage versed in Egyptian lore,
Moses, the institutor of their Law,
Down to the great Essenic Brotherhood,
In latter days who sent their teachers forth

And 'mong whom, grandest of Ideals, appeared
The Nazarine, the mouthpiece of them all.
The Lion of the Tribe of Judah, risen
To state with power the Ancient Word anew;
Which made its way progressing till in time,
When legends of the Prophet multiplied,
The Man was magnified into the God
As were all heroes in the days of old;
The Real anon becoming the Ideal—
The grand Ideal of peoples then unborn,
Based on the love that suffers to redeem.
Who taught the birth potential of the Christ
To be the heritage of all mankind,
And proved the life immortal of the soul
And the communion with the Spirit World:
Proved this anew when men began to doubt,
Perplexed by skeptics who denied the same.
But those great principles of brotherhood
Based on a spirit of equality
That knew no choice but worked alike for all
The world, then bound by selfishness, despised.
And hence the opposition that arose
To all such teaching, trenching on the self;
The persecution of his followers,
Who taught his words to rich and poor alike:
That Gospel message destined to o'erun
The nations, drawing men into the bonds
Of brotherhood, o'ercoming hate by love!
A Gospel message with new life endowed,
A new re-statement of the Ancient Word,

Thus re-beginning at Jerusalem,
Whither came now the Traveller and his Guide
To take their stand upon the Temple walls.

Then spake his Guide unto the Traveller thus:
"Prepare thee now to see in turn the new
As thou hast seen the old religions rise,
And culminate and change and pass away,
The new upon the old foundations raised,
A higher and a grander edifice,
Showing afar like mountain by the sea!

Then first from the embattled walls they saw
A band of men, the lowly followers
Of the Great Prophet, who commissioned them
To teach the Word, the Gospel Message he
Had given them, without distinction to
Both Jew and Greek and Gentile everywhere
Beginning at Jerusalem itself.
Intent, they seemed, on the accomplishment
Of some great work, a work none other than
The reformation of an erring world,
Leading all men from darkness into light.

Yet little was the progress that the new
Religion made among those fanatics
Who called themselves the "chosen" of the Lord
And who expected that he now would send
A warrior prince the nations to subdue,
Making the Jews the Masters of the world.

And hence their arrogance, which brought full soon
A swift destruction on themselves; for now
Their mission as a nation was complete;
Nay, rather was it needful now that they
Be scattered far among the peoples round;
Hence their rebellion 'gainst the Roman Power,
Which now in turn put forth its might to crush
A people so intractable become.

Then from their view Jerusalem seemed to fade
But straightway from an eminence they saw
As in a vision or some magic glass,
A luminous cloud to North and West afar
Amid the darkness palpable uprisen
As though it were a beacon in the night.
Upon a hill the silvery vapour lay
Within the compass of a city vast,
Whose frowning walls and towers impendent loomed
Like shadows dim athwart the lurid haze;
Gigantic ruins that seemed to fade, withdrawn
Before that lucent cloud, which now increased,
Took form, assuming in the outline broad
The semblance of a mighty temple or hall,
With spires and domes and minarets adorned.
Besides more wonderful up-grew around,
Slowly evolved, whate'er of loveliness
Or beauty from the soul of nature drawn,
The outer sense can charm or touch the heart,
Remoulding it through sympathy divine:
Like sound of seas, all grandest harmony

Of voice and harp and organ breath combined,
In hymns and anthems rolled upon the air;
All sculptured forms of beauty, draped or nude,
Breathing of life, from snowy marble hewn,
Appealed to men and, eloquent, though mute,
Pointed the source whence they their beauty drew;
And paintings still more exquisite took shape
Of angel, cherub, seraphim, or saint,
Shedding sweet influence, melting, subduing,
Or drawing the soul by love's attractive power.
Yet in the midst a towering Shape was seen
That all the worshippers involved in gloom
And night disastrous on the people shed.—
A Potentate in kingly robes arrayed.
A Potentate, whom love of power possessed,
Who sought, like Cæsar, in whose seat he sat,
To make himself the master of the world
Engrossing worship almost as a god.
Hence wrong and tyranny went hand in hand
With superstition and dense ignorance,
Until the people, wearied out, combined
And wrested from the Potentate his power,
Led by the men, the foes of tyranny
And ignorance and priestly arrogance,
Who often sacrificed themselves that they
Might gain the freedom of their fellow men.

Thus was the night of darkness then dispelled
And dawning came with liberty of thought
Which marked an era in the life of men.

For freed now from the Hierarch of Rome,
In many lands the saintly forms of Age,—
Pastors and venerable prelates rose,
True followers of him their grand Ideal,
The Meek and Gentle One, whom they proclaimed
And strove to follow in their daily lives.
Pastors for sanctity and learning famed,
Who by their teaching and example drew
The hearts of men, transforming many souls
Into the likeness of the Christ-Ideal.

And then to Westward far removed they saw
More glorious a mighty temple rise,
A radiant pile that towering met the clouds
And vaster still and higher seemed to grow,
Wherein had place no sacrificial rite,
But ever rose the mighty swell therein
Of organ pipe with multitudes in song
Loud as the winds through woods of Norland pine
Or seas tossed on the hollow-sounding shore!

Then hardly had this wondrous vision passed,
When lo! as if her judgment was at hand
A phantom host around Jerusalem closed
And signs and portents boding woes appeared;
Omens and prodigies in earth and sky,
Strange implements, drawn swords and meteors
Impendent hang or o'er Jerusalem wave;
In air resounds the dreadful din of war
And showers of blood in purple streams descend;

The Temple-gates, as if instinct with life,
Unbar themselves and on their hinges grate.
Sépulchral voices call, and grisly shapes,
Spectres and shrouded apparitions rise,
Confounding nature's rules, to stalk at large,
As if the living and the dead were joined;
And day and night a piercing cry alarms,—
A maniac's voice unutterably sad,
The tone itself despair, as of the grave,
Death and woe the burden of its plaint;
For now the war with fire and sword had come;
The Roman Legions lay before the walls
And round about the noise of battle rolls.
On every side death-dealing missiles fly
With showers of stones from catapults propelled:
Huge battering-engines thunder at the walls,
Hurling their beams against the rock-hewn tiers
Till with a crash the riven ramparts fall
Nor less inside the noise of battle storms;
Each pause without but adds unto the rage
Of fighting factions penned within the gates.
There Simon, John, Eleazar, each 'gainst each,
Pitting their clans, for leadership contend:
Simon a time the upper city holds;
And from the Temple, John expels the priest.
Hatred, revenge, and rage relentless burn
As fire unquenchable within the breasts
Of all alike, the leaders and the led
As though a band of furies 'mong them ran,
Fast urging them unto perdition's brink

Not all the sights of horror there disclosed
Their factious hate or vengeful ire can stay;
The fellest forms of suffering there combined,
Calamities as from the fount of wrath,
Heart-rending agony, despair and death
And lunacy, pale famine and disease,
In them no fear, no sympathy excite.
The dead and dying swelter side by side,
Cries, groans and execrations stun the sense;
The dead, in heaps, are from the ramparts flung,
Exposed to-day; yet fiercer swells the strife;
For they with scorn all terms of peace reject;
And by their shameless perfidy call down
More vengeance on their heads—call down, despite
The efforts and the will of him, who leads
The Roman Host, to save them from themselves.
Wall after wall is forced; yet to the last
Offers of mercy are in turn held out,—
Held out, and urged by their own countryman,
Josephus, mouth-piece of the Roman power,
Commissioned, there, the word of Rome to plight,
And safety guarantee, if they desist.
But they by fate unto their doom impelled,
All offers spurn, and acts of clemency
Repay in blood, that is repaid again
In equal meed, till men like demons fight.
Beams, roofs and battlements in wrath upturn
With burning brands are on the Romans hurled.
There Simon storms and John speaks from the wall
Urging his followers to deeds of blood,

Wanton revenge and acts of cruelty,
Revenge rather than safety or defence !
Not Moloch in that Pandemonium famed
Of spirits in Council, spirits reprobate,
As fables tell, more violent than he,
Who now harangues, than John of Gischala,
Or more upon his own destruction bent,
His own, insane, and that of all his tribe.
The elements against Jerusalem fight ;
The fiery sword now shoots out ten-fold flame,
Fierce light'nings glare in dazzling sheets or forked
In ruin on the riven towers descend ;
Loud thunders peal, until the trembling earth
Commoved, responds with subterraneous roar ;
Unearthly moans and winds in tempest's voice
Resound afar, like dreary echoes heard
From desolate hall or haunted ruin's keep.

Lastly each barrier and outwork passed,
The Holy House, the Temple, is assailed
Nor aught avails the glorious pile to save.
The gates are forced and soldiers hold the place ;
The courts are fired and crackling flames ascend :
Blood flows in streams and men like demons rage
Or tigers rather of their whelps despoiled
And wounded sore, the spoilers in their midst.
Nor cease they till the mighty walls and towers,
In dreadful conflagration riven, descend,
Involving in one common ruin all,
Gentile and Jew, one mingled holocaust,

One dreadful offering immolated there
Significant in the great Temple of Law.

So fell the Holy Temple, long the pride
Of Israel and the wonder of the world;
The centre of that sacrificial type
Of worship, handed down traditional
In every clime: and with the Temple fell
Jerusalem, built by Melchisedec,
And Salem called, and by the Jebusite
In later times, now level with the dust;
Her walls and courts and palaces o'erthrown,
Her treasures sent the pomp of Rome to swell,
Her elders and her royal princes slain,
Her noble matrons, sons and daughters sold
To slavery or into exile driven,
And foreign lands, there separate to dwell,
A race despised by every people then,
A standing witness to that light ordained
To guide mankind, and that new order of things
Through them uprisen, and based upon the old,
Or rather raised continuous thereon,
Another and a higher stairway set
In that great series, by which man ascends.

Here spake the Angel to the man and said :
"To westward now the stream of progress hies,
Thither must we, and take our stand as now
Upon some hill or fitting eminence,
To view therefrom the current of events;

Or thence descend to mingle with the crowd
And nearer scan the complicated wheels,
The checks, and self-adjusting balances,
That regulate, guide, hasten, or retard
The checkered progress of Humanity."

BOOK III.

* **T** WAS night, and now her sister orbs shone out,
Watching in turn from their meridian heights
The slumbering earth in shadow laid and sleep,
When far to North, upon an alpine ridge
With mortal sense to heavenly pitch refined,
The Traveller found himself, uncertain how
He thither came, whether by sea or land,
Or borne of air together with his Guide.
A place they chose reclining by the brow
Of rude plateau commanding open view
Of mountain tract, ravine, and hill and dale
And thence beyond unto the distant plains,
Now folded in the haziness of night.
Though high they stood, yet far above were seen
Those giant cones that rise abrupt and tower
Like Titans placed among the lesser hills.
Eternal snow like spirit in substance fixed,
Materialized from out the viewless air,
By nature's alchemy lay deep around,
Concealing there the nakedness of earth
And lending smoothness to the rugged slopes,
A dazzling robe of spotless drapery,
Disposed by winds in ever-shifting wreaths
Or fixed immovable in stony folds
And hollowed out fantastic into caves,

Ice palaces and many-chambered grotts
With azure crystal gemmed, the fair retreats
Of mountain Sprite or wandering Oread.
Upon the wide expanse of snow-clad hills
And seeming wastes a dreamy stillness lay,
A solemn beauty indescribable,
As though the Spirit of nature there had wrought
Her spells unseen beneath a canopy
Of circling clouds, where silvered by the moon
Upon the brow of neighbouring heights they stood.
A strange absorbing sense of mystery
Engrossed the faculties and filled the soul
With reverential awe, as though it felt
Instinctively that shadowy world were but
The mere projection, hull and instrument
Of kindred mind, and all the frozen waste
A promenade or intermediate home
Of spirit life; nor felt the soul in vain;
For light the chime upon the air was heard
Of choral voice and instrumental touch
Faint, exquisite, and borne, as from afar,
Like silvery echo on the hollow breath
Of tumbling flood or cataract diffused,
Distinct, yet blending with the deeper tone,
Until anon it neared and, louder grew,
And louder still, till rolling on the air
In floods of soul dissolving harmony,
It swept through all the edies of sweet sound
Reverberating till the heavens rang
With tumult of tempestuous symphony!

Then instantaneous burst upon the sight
• A glorious vision of the world of spirit;
For marshalled on the gilded clouds that lay
In piles, embanked upon the terraced hills
Or superficial spread from brow to brow
Aslant the vales, a thronging host appeared
In serried ranks of angel choristers;
Spirits they seemed of either sex, attired
In flowing robes with golden cinctures bound
And starred with gems; Immortal beauty breathed
Ineffable, the common heritage
Of one and all, beauty in substance clad,
Substance ethereal, yet substance still,
Not hollow show, but matter virtual
The robe of spirit and the instrument,
Material yet imponderable; for what
Is weight but a mere property, a mode
Of matter, at the touch of spirit dissolved,
Retained or regulated by the will. -
Thus on the clouds no empty pageant moved,
But angels in ethereal substance robed,
In all their members tangible and real;
Nor trod they there on barren clouds alone
Or wastes of snow illumined by the moon,
But rather now on azure fields bedecked
With flowers and radiant with a silvery glow,
Intense yet mellow as the light of even,
That streamer-like with splendours filled the air,
And flashing, shone unto the distant pole.
Such harmony and mingled loveliness

Transcendent played, absorbing soul and sense,
The Traveller cried, commoved to ecstasy:
"Oh! Guide, let us forever here remain!"
Then with a smile the Angel spake and said:
"Wilt thou content thee with the lesser good,
Not seeing beyond, nor seek to reach a higher?"
This saying, he bent on him his radiant eyes,
That with effulgence beaming shed new scope
Of vision on his soul; then further spake:
"Now look and tell me, wilt thou here remain?"
He looked and found his mortal sight was changed;
Around him wheel the planetary worlds
And suns and systems rush upon his sight;
No longer stars or glimmering points remote,
But countless and immeasurable orbs
In their appalling distances revealed
Interminable throughout th' infinitudes
Of endless space, till vision failed to pierce
The deep immensity and glancing thought
In presence of the Infinite recoiled.
Sun rose on sun, as on they sped, and world
On world, majestic in their orbits poised,
Sweeping through space incomprehensible
Where all now seemed above or all below,
For height was lost in depth, abysmal tracts
Where billowy systems rolled in concert round
Some mighty pole, and on the boundary seemed
Of death and night, till other systems rose,
And others still, nor ever came an end,
Until the Traveller cried, oppressed in soul,

“Oh, Angel, give me back my mortal sight!
My spirit aches with this infinity!
O'erwhelming is the glory here displayed,
Beyond all thought insufferably grand;
Rather let me earthly things abide,
Or change this heart to earthly things attuned,
This human heart that fondly hopes and fears.”
“Nor hopes in vain,” the Angel straight replied,
“Such change shall be the work of time, or else,
Indeed, this vision were not granted thee.
Now rest, for with this lower world as yet
Thou hast to do.” So saying, in balmy sleep
His eyes he sealed, but softly in his ears
The sound of choral music murmuring played,
Soothing the sense and mingling with the soul!
So slumbered he in blissful calm, nor woke
Till morn, first glancing on the icy cones,
Repelled the dark and set hills aglow
With mimic flame, and high uprolled the mists
That shroud-like lay on river, lake and dell
Till painted in the azure heavens they hung,
Or, shrinking else, in viewless air dissolved.

Before them now in ample prospect lay
Wide upland tracts, composed irregular
Of hill and dale, with primal forests laden;
And thence beyond, vast undulating plains,
Broad lands with flocks and lowing herds besprent,
Extended to the far horizon's bound;
And rural towns and villages were seen,

Thick clustering or at intervals disposed,
And cities walled, nor fell the vision short
Of Tiber's flood, where mighty Rome in state
Sat on her seven hills, Queen of the Earth;
And proudly sat, and worthily, the work
Magnificent of human genius sprung;—
Genius of gods or of the gods inspired,
Far reaching, free, untrammelled, unconfined!
As testified in magnitude of scale,
In vast display and the completeness met
In every part of the stupendous whole.
Parks, gardens, avenues and templed groves
With grots and founts and terraces adorned,
Replete besides with snow-white statuary
In single form or group heroic cut
Or fashioned else in beauty's softer mould;
And baths and aqueducts and theatres,
Temples, triumphal arcs and citadels,
Patrician halls and regal palaces,
The home of kings or more than kings declare
The wealth, the genius and magnificence
Of earth's metropolis, imperial Rome,
Now at her height and hastening to her fall,
Degen'rate grown, her kindling genius lost
Through irreligion, selfishness and crime.
Her fostering deities, so potent once,
Now names become, inanities unfeared,
Or, worse, as gods through fashion still upheld
And with false breath in mockery adored;
Yet unbelieved, thence powerful for ill,

A show, not substance, or vain ritual
By which truth in hypocrisy is merged,
To the subversion of the intellect.
Such Rome was now, or such her habitants;
Her old religion fallen, a new uprisen,
But not yet in the vacant place installed:
Nor easily, where priestly power, alarmed,
And tyranny their ancient weapons wield
Of force and fear, blind superstition's tools;
Self-interested, trying in vain to stay
The march of truth, of light and liberty.
Yet hardly is the fierce oppression ceased,
When lo! excluded from without, the spirit
Of evil essays, with wily art disguised,
To reach the source and taint the fount of light;
But finding it incapable of stain,
Around it piles a superincumbent mass
Of broken fragments from the ruins culled
Of ancient creeds and dying Hellenism,
Wherewith to hide it from the people's gaze,
Till it be made a source of evil in turn,
A tool of tyrants and oppressors still
As terrible as those it once removed.

Soon persons, places and observences
Of outward forms replace the spirit of truth,
And ceremonies and modes of worship, deemed
More efficacious and restorative
Than unimpeached sincerity of heart
And more acceptable in sight of Heaven.

Thence prayers or journey made to shrine of saint,
Jerusalem or the tomb on Calvary,
Are more important held than works of love,
And of themselves sufficient thought to free
From every sin and reparation make
For every deed of treachery and blood.
And hence a gradually increasing throng,
By vows constrained, unto Jerusalem turn,
A motly crowd of pilgrims, first unarmed
And peaceably inclined, till harshly used,
They grow indignant of the wrongs enforced;
And thence returning to their native homes
Stir up a crusade 'gainst the Infidel.
Then fired with zeal a banded host advance,
Who wrest Jerusalem from the Moslem power,
And for a time with varied fortune hold
The sovereignty, till growing corrupt,
Factionous and false, a canker in the land,
They are by the great Saracen expelled;
The Saracen more worthy of command,
The foe avowed of falsehood and deceit,
Whose word inviolate was sacred held,—
A soldier proved, wise, temperate and humane,
A Christian, though an Islamite in faith;
He in good truth, they only in pretence.
But who, in their presumption, deemed that Heaven
Cared more for creeds than singleness of heart.
Nor less in Rome did vanity and pride
And love of power and grasping avarice
Religion and all sacred truths degrade

Till they in time mere merchandise became
And levers in the hand of priestly power,
Gold to extort or influence to hold.
Dense ignorance, stagnation and decay
In spiritual and temporal things result.
The once Imperial City from whence spread
Flowing as from a central reservoir,
To lands remote or sunk in barbarism,
A tide of civilization and the laws
Of government, cohesion and the arts
Of cultured life, is now become a waste—
An utter waste of ruins, heaped and piled,
Proud monuments of heaven-born genius once;
Genius long silent, yet here living still
Through these dark centuries to light anew
The Flame divine when dawning doth appear.
Sad, solemn and impressive now they stand
In dim and weird sublimity, instilling
The secrets of their origin and fall,
And former history, until such time
As they shall find, more fully understood,
A voice in man to second or expound,
What they so forcibly in silence moved:—
In silence, till the dawn, so long delayed,
Now come, a mighty voice responds, as though
To ruin it were, in sympathy attuned:—
A world-wide wail of sorrow infinite
In mystic and unfathomable song,
A chilling wail, heartrending and undying,
Of fierce regret and ever-gnawing pain

And misery begotten of the past,
Th' award of time misspent, the heritage
And sad result of lives of perfidy,
Called to account and judged of nature's law.
Nor is their spell and kindling influence
Confined, incentive unto song alone;
Lo! 'mid those ruins and the wrecks of art
What Titans intellectual rise, upcalled
At length, true scions of the mighty dead!
Titans whose every burning thought is form,
Whose touch is life, embodied life expressed
In Beauty and in Symmetry divine!
For now again Urania shall descend,
Divinely stooping from her heavenly sphere,
And here again the torch of genius light—
Light with her own transcendent loveliness;
Until her votaries enraptured burn,
Filled with conceptions of the Beautiful
By sympathy mysterious instilled:
Beauty, howe'er, expressed in song or sounds
Harmonious or comeliness of form—
Of form, that fixed in parian stone, shall stand,
In outward mould, the rival of herself,
In grace divine, in matchless symmetry.
Genius, her minister and spouse, ordained
To stand between her and the multitude,
And sway their minds, that she to them may yield
Some leaven of her own celestial life,
Some measure of her loveliness, inspired
By contemplation of the works of art

That they, thereby, her lovers may become,
And grow, by inward aspiration drawn,
To be themselves what they admired and loved,—
A race of gods, immortals though on earth,
Fairer than fabled deity of old,
Or Nymph or Naiad of the wood or stream!

'Twas thus before the Traveller and his Guide
The strife of centuries passed; nor came an end
As though it were a law immutable
That Good through Evil ever must advance;
The good sublimed and tested in the trial,
The evil quenched, its punishment entailed,
Wherein, it is its own appointed scourge
And, like a scorpion, stings itself to death,
Yet still revives, the combat to renew.
For there, no sooner had the new belief
Become the paramount religion than
New evils rise of superstition born,
And iron dogma, that in turn became
A hind'rance, and the direst implement
Of horror in fell superstition's grasp.
For in the sacred name of Truth profaned,
Embodied falsehood, still the foremost stay
Of villany and wrong enacted now
Its darkest deeds of violence and blood
Enacted boldly in the sight of heaven,
Nor feared in aught the consequence thereof;
For superstition like a nightmare sat
Grim, threatening on the nation's heart to curb

Every attempt or movement to redress.

But evil, too, in other form revives
Essaying again in divers lands to gain
What of its old ascendancy it lost ;
And to that end begins to sew anew
The seeds of hate and bitter enmity
Between the falling and the rising faith,
And also 'tween the rival sects now risen
In consequence of liberty proclaimed
And freedom in all matters of belief.
Sectarian strife and prejudice ensue :
Though humble at first, each rival sect anon,
Gaining th' ascendancy, the tyrant plays,
Its violence within due bounds restrained
Rather by law, than aught of tolerance
On equity or sense of justice framed.
Yet irrespective of the evil wrought
By persecution and the abuse of power,
Much good ensues ; for in the rivalry
A healthy stimulus to zeal is found,
Besides a stay 'gainst indolent routine
So oft the herald of hypocrisy
And self-deceiving pharisaic prayer,
A long harangue of words irrelevant
Availing nought or worse injurious found.
But balancing the evil with the good,
True liberty by rivalry obtained
Outweighs the whole and of itself repays
For all the disadvantages entailed,

The outcome of sectarian prejudice.

• For with true liberty fair Science rose,
Advancing queenly with majestic mien
Strife and sectarian tyranny to stay,
And rear her throne on superstition's wreck.
Fair Science, lifting high her stately head,
With truth all radiant, comes now to unfold
To Man the mysteries of the universe
And all the secrets of her mighty power,
That he too may the elements constrain
To do him service, as of right, his thralls
Made o'er to him, if he observe with care
The terms of contract and conditions fixed,
As in the book of nature's law laid down.

Instructed thus the human race attains
A civilization that surpassed afar
The limits of what possible was deemed:—
A civilization of itself a sign
Of that subjection of the world to man
Committed in the primal order given:—
“Go forth, replenish and all earth subdue.”
A feat approaching its accomplishment.

Meanwhile all selfish bickerings subside;
And sects, now concious of their own defects,
Of others much more tolerant become,
And waving difference, in one cause unite,—
The cause of Truth and Human Brotherhood.

Thus harmony ensues: religion, too,
In principle and practice reconciled,
No empty name or hollow show is found;
But with the spirit of Charity imbued
Becomes indeed a vital power once more,
A humanizing element through which
Humanity a higher level gains.

This for a time, but falling soon away
Again relapses into mere routine.
Professions and outward conformity
Suffice the multitude, now careless grown,
Mere followers of ceremonial show
Or wordy forms, at intervals rehearsed
Like parrot-phrases, signifying naught.
Religion suffers to a like degree
And fails according to its hollowness,
Until distrustful of its mission grown,
And at th' advance of unbelief alarmed
It back recoils and from the contact shrinks,
Helpless, unable, void of argument,
Aught to oppose the inroad to resist;
Till at th' advantage taken, Scepticism,
With the pretended might of science armed,
Essays in turn to drive her from her seat,
Though she likewise the aid of science claims,
Or humbly rather in distraction begs;
For each would fain have science their ally;
But Science, scorning hollowness and shift,
Holds on her way, her only object—truth:

Nor either helps, till in her own good time,
Swift as a falcon stooping from the clouds,
A writhing snake hooked fast either claw,
To heaven ascends and dashes them to earth,
Mangled and stunned, she, rising in her might,
Not otherwise shall seize and downward hurl
The hollowness of both, the patched-up forms
Of sect, obstructive and incongruous
And all the arguments oracular,
Conclusive deemed, of dull Materialism,
That, like the owl with vision circumscribed
To narrow nightly range, grows garulous
O'er every trifle picked up in the dark.

Meanwhile the agencies at work essay
To sap the base of civilization's tower,
And with it hurl from it high pinnacle,
So hardly scaled, Humanity itself.
Even now it seems to totter imminent,
A mighty ruin, to its centre mined,
And charged throughout with dark explosive fire.
Around it tempests rave; conflicting waves
Uprolled, advance as on abysmal deeps,
Converging with destruction fraught and doom,
Until encountering with resistless shock,
Each whelmeth each, and mingling, passeth on.

And now they saw that in the hazy West
And East alike, such tempest waves had risen,
And threat'ning, bore right down upon each other.

The Eastern tide advancing mightier seemed,
Its might not of itself original,
But of the West designedly obtained
In preparation of the coming strife.
Yet all invincible and more compact,
The West advancing, like a deluge swept
Resistless on, whelming all obstacles
Beneath its flood: The elements, commoved
To sympathy, in opposition raged,
And globes of fire and fiery meteors burned
Or stream-like shot along the lurid sky;
And ominous signs and apparitions dire
And boding cries the souls of men alarmed.
The trembling earth responding, heaved and moaned,
As though she felt an inward agony.
But gathering clouds of nitrous vapour soon
In darkness undistinguishable hid
The wild commotion and the rage alike
Of storming elements and nations met
In conflict fierce to drain the cup of wrath,
The measure full, of foul corruption brewed:
Thence unto judgment thus delivered up
And so adjudged from nature's awful code,
That they, themselves their judgments shall work out.

But soon emerging from the fight were seen
The conquering sons of mighty Albion,
Whose mystic symbol is the rising sun,
Afar as yet from its meridian tower,
When it shall light the nations of the earth;

For nursed and cradled in their island homes,
Struggling through centuries were they prepared
To hold the reins of sovereignty,
And destined with their kindred o'er the saes—
The citizens of great Columbia
And all the lands beneath the Southern Cross—
To rule the nations and impose their laws
Upon all peoples, sending rulers forth
With truth and honour as their grand ideal:—
Right worthy men to rule in equity,
Inspiring confidence in all alike;
With tact and judgment and that kindliness
That softens justice and that seeks to rule
Rather by love than terror of the sword.
No propagators of a special faith
But tolerant upholders of all Truth
Wherever found, in systems old and new:
And patrons of the learning of the East
Long hidden from the peoples of the West;
Bound by no creed but human brotherhood,
The One religion of humanity,
That all may hold, till all allied by blood
Regard each other as one family
Of kindred nations with one common tongue—
The tongue of Shakespeare, Milton and the bards,
Who came to fix the language of the world!

Here spake again his heavenly Guide and said:
“Let this suffice, this outline briefly shown,
Of what shall yet in latter days befall;

So let us hence to other lands to note
The progress of Humanity therein."

BOOK IV.

NOW rapidly as in a dream they sped
Where lay irregular a table-land,
And towards the side a mighty mountain rose,
And congregated on its slopes were seen
Innumerable crowds, of many peoples formed.
Arranged in zones at different altitudes
Each took their stand, yet not to these confined;
For many to the zones above made way
By slow degrees and unremitting toil.
And many still in circles journeyed round
And round the mouut, and neither rose nor fell.
Others descended, though they knew it not,
Nor cared to know, but still the way pursued,
That lay before, indifferent where it led.
A shrouding mist and blinding fogs around
The basement hung, where many disappeared.
But on the middle and the upper slopes
No cloud remained, but still the light increased,
Till round the top a dazzling radiance shone,
Yet none within the upper zone might come
Or on the top might rest, save One that seemed
Greater than human, yet of human mould,
Who statue-like, high elevated stands
Upon the summit, pointing onward still,
With all the dignity of conscious power,

To other states in other worlds beyond:—
Stands unapproached, the Archetypal man
In whom the Image of the Deity
On man conferred, is in its highest evolved,
As needs it should, ere man perfection gained.
And like to him in form and countenance
Are they who stand immediately below,
And who with wonder ever and delight
Behold Him in unclouded majesty.
And next come these upon the middle zones,
Who see Him, yet not clearly as they ought,
But least like Him of all upon the mount,
Are they, the tribes that wander round the base.
Nor wonderful, since nought of Him they know,
Or if they know, know only by report,
Not seeing Him, so far above them placed.

But now 'twas manifest, that to correct
The indistinctness of their vision due
To distance, that the latter had recourse
Unto a plan with skill devised and care
To meet their needs and difficulties remove.
Each different group or section has procured
A fitting likeness of the Archetype
Or Primal form high placed upon the mount.
And thence assembling round this Effigy
Exalted high, in royal robes attired,
They join in rites and ceremonial shows
Decreed in honour of th' Original,
Who, in the abstract, hard to realize,

Is in the concrete sought to be revealed.
Nor was the plan a failure or devoid
Of merit, so long as in the abstract they,
As in a glass, the Archetype beheld.
But on the concrete growing more intent
Many from the Original withdraw,
Deceived by show or led by indolence
To contemplate the Effigy alone,
Till they, imagining that they ascend,
Unwittingly to lower circles fall.
For lo! instead the Effigy they think
The same, unchanged, they venerate a mask.

But here a strange occurrence was observed
For from among them one that bore the sign
Of innate power, with confidence advanced,
And all, unmindful of the crowd agape
With wonder, went unto the Effigy,
And from its features rent the mask and tore
The robes therewith that long from sight concealed
A complex form of foul monstrosity;
For divers shapes within the outer came
Transparent each and in their several shades
In order of a strange gradation ranged.
Degenerate types of human form are seen,
Misshapen, meagre, crooked or angular;
Nor are the types to human forms confined,
But orders of a lower class appear;
Gorillas, Orangs, and the Chimpanzee
Inferior grades in serial rank arranged

Till in the midst a loathsome serpent lay.
Then turning to the multitude he said:
"Lo! what you worship, that you shall become!
How like you this? is it an image of Him
Upon the mount, or is it what you see?
A monster which your drapery concealed."
Beware of idle ceremonies and forms,
Mere hollow show from which the life has passed.
They harden much and mar the countenance.
But reverence, truth, and beauty and essay
To reach the perfect as the aim of life."

This saying, he betook him to a grove—
A grove like those that in the days of old
Were sacred held in Hella's classic land
Where matrons, proud of their maternity,
Oft met in worship, and their offerings brought
Appropriate of flowers and fruit to crown
The altars of their patron deities.
Thither he came where stood a marble group
Of youths and maidens and a matron veiled,
The statue of a woman in her prime,
Attired in flowing drapery that robed
But did not hide her symmetry of form.
She seemed the symbol of maternity,
For by her side a noble child reposed.
He touched the statues and a thrill of life
Shot instant through the marble limbs and lit
The countenance and flashed within the eyes,
And, bounding, coursed the channels of the soul!

Instinct with life the marble forms descend
And hand in hand accompany their guide,
Who, now returning, led them whence he came
And set them 'midst the multitude and said:—
“Let this, the symbol of Maternity,—
The type of what true womanhood should be,—
Have fitting place among your chief ideals,
Not as one matron raised above her kind,
But every woman of whatever rank
In royal palace or in humble home;
Nor worshipped as a goddess by the crowd
In ignorance as in the days of old,
Essential then but unessential now,
When models of ideal loveliness,
Whether on canvas or in marble fixed,
Or by the Magi of the pen portrayed
In glowing lines, in story or in poem,—
The same in all,—are being so multiplied
By worthy artists, that in every land
They meet the gaze of thronging multitudes,
In shady walk, in temple, hall, and street
Increasing rev'rence for all beauty, so
That nature feels the impulse and anon
Transcends all art by living flesh and blood
Divinely wrought to forms of loveliness—
Of loveliness not now the heritage
Of rank alone, but equally of all,
Whether in castle or in cottage bred!

Here wondering asked the Traveller of his Guide,

“What means the strange gradation thus unveiled
Of complex forms within the Effigy?”

And in reply the Angel spake and said;

“Look and examine well that table-land
Below the mount, for there the answer lies.”

And now they saw, that from the mountain side,
A ridge of hills, emerging from the mist,
Extended far upon the plain and passed
Into a desolate waste of rocks, that like
The ruins of a shattered mountain seemed.
And many from the upper circles now
Traverse the ridge, for one advanced before,
Has marked the course, untrod till then or known,
And on the heights an easy roadway formed.
Around the range of lesser hills are grouped
The lower tribes according to their rank,
Through kingdom, order, class and family,
Extending down till lost upon the plain.
But of the higher, ranged upon the hills,
Though to their orders fixed immutable,
A well marked series was discernable
While each one of the series, though distinct
And separate, yet pointed in its turn
To steps above or grades below it placed;
But on the mount and on the range of hills
All grades of being, however different
Or seemingly in outer form unlike,
Are based upon a common type or plan,
Though modified to meet the wants of each

But conversely, and on a smaller scale,
* Receding or descending grades appear;
For near the limit of the range of hills,
From them declining lay a gloomy vale
And in the vale was found the serpent tribe,
Degraded, vilest of all living forms;
Degraded, but yet based upon the type,
That on the range and Human mount prevails.
Degraded, loathesome, venomous and prone,
Lowest of creatures, on their bellies placed,
Deprived of outward or divergent limbs,
And on the ground for ever doomed to crawl
With tortuous motion, gliding on their ribs.
But it was seen that though the Serpent-vale
Ran from the hills, yet by a winding ridge
It was more with the rocky waste conjoined;
For here it was apparent that the hills
Had altogether in the waste arisen
And from it were prolonged; and that the waste
Was but the ruins of former hills that were;
For all about uncouth remains were found,
Huge wrecks of life and relics of the past,
Strange fossil bones, in fragments or entire,
And skeletons, of size tremendous, piled
Among the rocks or bedded in the soil:—
Colossal and unwieldy forms preserved
In stony trance through ages fabulous,
As though the aim and purpose of their being
Were incomplete and yet to be wrought out,
Or being wrought in some mysterious way:

For though entranced they seem to live still on
And wait a call to active life once more.
Nor seem in vain, for lo! One from the mount
Among them moves, and with a magic wand
Arouses them, as from unconscious sleep.
Earth trembles and the quaking rocks become
As liquid air or fleecy clouds embanked;
And pervious, now an easy passage yield.
The mighty bones upstarting seek their kin,
And disencumbered of their shrouds unite—
Each in its place, and take their wonted forms,
And clad in flesh, their previous lives resume;
For all is changed; no longer rocks appear,
But stately trees and vast primeval woods,
And misty seas and rank and steaming plains
And lakes and rivers, estuaries and fens,
Where divers monsters bellow, chafe and war
And roam and browse, or in their armour bask,
Or seek their prey, or flap on sounding wings
Like demons or like harpies in the night.
Then all again, as in a dream, grew vague;
Plains, rivers, mountains, woods and primal seas
Revert and pass, each fusing into each,
Or changing place, new combinations form,
To change in turn; for many on the mount
Hold distant conversation and discourse
With others here, now from the mountain come;
And by their several spells, in concert wrought,
The history of our former world disclose,
Developing, though indistinct, each phase

And change concomitant as they occurred
• In outline or in relative extent
Of land and sea and habitable earth,
With all the grades of life that appertained,
Whether of plant or animal annexed,
Until the whole scene upon scene uprose
Successively and interfusing passed,
And nought remained but barren rocks once more.

But here the mount itself and range of hills
Grew indistinct and were in mist involved.
And passing thence, escorted by his Guide,
The Traveller came unto a place remote
Among the rocks, inclining to the left,
Until it passed into a dismal realm,
A land of sorrow and perpetual gloom,
Where all things in a hazy light appeared;
Where fens and pools and inky waters lay
And lapped 'mong caves or washed upon the shore;
And Titan woods all dark and silent stood
Or moaned, by melancholy winds disturbed.
And 'mong the woods and 'mong the rocks and caves
And by the margin of the gloomy flood,
Vast shadows throng, and shapes of divers mould
Pass and re-pass with sullen step, or stand
All huge and gaunt in ghostly attitude,
Like skeletons of wasting famine wrought;
Each to their habitats in this dim vale
Assigned and limited, as erewhile they,
In primal woods, by lakes and fens, had been.

And 'mong them, unconfined and free to range .
Through each domain, were shadows as of men,
Earth's aborigines, uncultured, fierce,
Of mighty bone, unclothed or clad in skins.
And by the caves and chiefly by the tide,
With axe and club, the restless phantoms flee
Or wander by, as though they looked for food
Or sought to trap or get the game in view.

But lying further on beyond the caves,
Without the woods and by the dismal shore,
Like broken rocks, in shapeless fragments piled
The ruins, as of an ancient city spread
All desolate; and towards the western side,
A mighty pile, high towering like a mount,
Embattled round and fenced with jutting stone,
Stands close upon the borders of the flood.
Unclosed by gates, the broken arches frown,
Like cavern mouths beneath a mountain's brow;
And from them stairs and gloomy passages
Ascend the galleries, traverse the halls,
And wind afar unto the central courts,
That lie unroofed and open to the sky.
And in the distance lesser ruins stand
With tarns between and moors and blasted trees,
That, ghostlike in the dim uncertain light,
Their giant trunks and naked arms upraise.
And by each chamber, passage, nook and keep,
In blood-stained dress or tattered robes attired,
Unkempt and wan and pallid spectres glide

Or fly alarmed with wild sepulchral shriek,
Or sweep disorderly with rushing sounds,
Like those of whirlwinds and of thunders joined,
Or chariots on a hollow roadway rolled;
Or lonely sit in damp and mouldering halls
Silent and sad, each countenance impressed
With deepest woe, but bearing still the signs
Of passion and the marks in life acquired,
Of hate and pride and malice and deceit,
In punishment, returned upon themselves,
Their own tormentors for the time, as doomed,
They sit or flee in these dim halls confined:—
In halls where silence is unbroken, save
By winds without, and waters, and the rush
Of shades heard nightly with the fearful cries
Of anguish and the sobbings of remorse!

But here the Man, with sadness overcome
And heartsick at the melancholy sight
Of so much sorrow, wretchedness and pain,
Now asked his Guide what might the ending be,
What hope existed of respite or change,
In ages hence, to misery so great?

Then thoughtfully the Angel spake and said:
“Thou knowest thyself, for it has been revealed,
This punishment is fairly meted out,
And neither more nor less than that which they
Themselves accumulated and laid up,
The fruit of desolations wrought on earth

And evils dealt upon their fellow men;
The breaking of the ties of life and love
And happiness on narrow selfish grounds,
Or urged by envy, hatred and revenge,
Regardless of the wrongs of blighted hope,
And of the sad and longing life of woe
On others forced in dungeons, or at large
For friends in durance, or of life bereaved;
Yet vainly hoped on Heaven to impose,
Unmindful or despite of Nature's law,
And pardon win by prayer, repentance feigned,
And mummery, imposing on themselves;
Here undeceived, for all in substance bear
The history of their former lives revealed.
Yet none of these unto these grounds confined,
Are wholly bad or of all good devoid.
Hence their contrition, sorrow and regret,
The signs of higher nature still unquenched,
And of the good that yet within them lives,
And which in time shall their redemption work,
And transference from this to other states.
For although evil ever downward tends
It seems a portion of the scheme of life,
The appanage and complement of good;
And without which, the good would not appear
Or in its highest ever be evolved."

Then passing thence beyond the rocks they came
Unto the entrance of a dismal gorge
That yawned beneath a frowning precipice,

And led into a chambered mount or hill,
Or what seemed such, for it was hollowed out
And fashioned into vast and gloomy halls
And courts, that lay 'mong rows irregular
Of shapeless stone or huge basaltic rocks,
And winding ran, from outer air removed,
Into the dim recesses of the hill.

But here, like one who suddenly recoils,
Alarmed in presence of some fearful thing,
The Man drew back, for far within were seen
Distorted shapes and foul monstrosities,
But those of human shape compounded stood
Apart, and in their hideous ghastliness
Of form and feature far outdone and passed
The grades of animal monstrosity,
Though they, likewise stage after stage, appeared
To sink thereto and lose their human form.
And as they sink, become less hideous, for
They lose therewith their dread malignity,
Proportional, and diabolic power,
That unto fiends in human shape belong;
For fiends they seemed and ministers of death,
By hatred, rage and enmity impelled,
Whose only peace in dire destruction lay.

But to the Man, who trembling now stood by,
A flash within of lurid light revealed
Their hideousness in part, in part, not all,
For he, about to fall, of sense deprived

At sight so dire, was like a child removed
Hence by his Guide, who gently tended him,
Then to him said:—"What of the evil now
In its embodiments thou hast beheld
Was first upon the mundane plane wrought out
But on the fellest grades of Evil here
In human form, monstrosities more vile
Than Circe's Cup or Comus' spells e'er wrought
In their enchanted Isle, thou could'st not look;
For as that form within itself combines
Perfection absolute, of love wrought out,
And therefore the embodiment in full
Of highest beauty, grace and symmetry,
So likewise in that shape debased and fallen,
Are grades of ghastly ugliness expressed
And foul deformities of hate produced
So terrible that man may not behold;
For spirits of evil in their fellest forms
Are like to Gorgons with their serpent-locks
That turned to stone whoever looked thereon;
So they, till of the human shape deprived
By Heaven's decree, are ministers of death;
Less potent when to serpent forms constrained;
To serpent forms, wherein their deadly hate
Is still expressed, but not their fatal power.
So Heaven wills, for in the Dragon shape
The lowest stage of evil is portrayed;
The stage to which from higher grades it fell,
The change within itself of nature wrought;
Its deadly hate, deceit and cunning still

Expressed in full, but unto weakness joined ;
For now, of outward limbs deprived and shorn,
It is perforce unto the earth confined ;
There doomed to crawl ; its sole remaining power
In sinuous fold or poison fang retained.
There doomed to crawl until its work is done ;
The form then passes like an evil dream,
Leaving the self unfettered to ascend,
Taught by experience in this lowest round.

Such was the purport of the dream that so
Perplexed thee, which thou couldst not understand ;
That vision of the group at enmity,
The Evil One that warred against the man
And woman, and by fraud o'ercame and held
The mastery, till by Love's Child subdued,
The Conqueror, who pierced him with his dart.

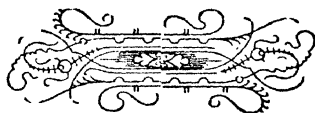
But thou hast seen that though the Evil falls
Before the Good, by love still overcome
Yet from it still a stream of life doth flow,
For it is part the universal scheme,
That Good through Evil is in time evolved.
And such the teaching of that Ancient Word
To man revealed, that guided by the same,
And by the light of truth and reason led,
He may o'er ill the mastery obtain,
And still ascend from lower states advanced."

This said, they journeyed on in silence till

They reached the confines of that gloomy land;
And there a mountain capped with murky clouds
Uprose in front and like a barrier stood,
On either hand, prohibiting egress!
Nor passage seemed to offer nor ascent,
Save by a darksome entrance at the base.

But here the Man, still mindful of the caves
And of his passage through the dismal halls,
Delayed to enter and besought his Guide
To turn and lead him by some other course.
Then spake the Angel in reply and said:
"To you the boon is granted to ascend
By other and by clearer way, but see
Thou take good heed and follow me direct,
Lest over-confident in too much light,
Thou lose thy hold and fall in the ascent.
But first the barrier must be removed."
And as he spake a flash of lightning cleft
The murky clouds and smote upon the rocks
And shattered them, that with a crash they fell,
And, bounding, rolled in thunder on the plain,
Disclosing there a narrow stairway formed
Among the rocks, by which ascending soon
They scaled the heights and passed the clouds and gained
The seats of men and upper air once more.
But far beyond a glorious land appeared
And shining seas and lakes and happy isles
With flowery fields and choral woods and groves,
And wafted thence upon the air, the sound

Of music and the voice of angels rang
Harmonious and fell upon the ear
And filled the soul with ecstasy divine.
Then taking leave, the Angel, smiling, said:
"Now I depart unto the land thou seest,
But stay thou here; complete thy present course;
And I to thee a fairer Guide will send,
Even thy partner in the Realms of Light,
Who shall instruct thee in a higher lore,
Then bear thee with her to her ancient home
In Isles of Light and worlds beyond the sun—
Elysian fields where toiling is unknown!



SUNRISE AT KHANDALLA.

(An extract from "Khandalla and Nature-Worship.")



BUT for the morning nature still reserves
 Her grandest effort, and brings into play
 The varied moods that with the morn arise
 And makes the most of every element—
 Life, light and fragrance, colouring and sound,
 And all the requisites of scenic art,
 To round the whole and heighten her display.
 For morning is the time of service when
 Her grandest ritual comes off—when all
 Her worshippers in adoration stand
 With tearful eyes, as, moved to ecstasy,
 They view the gorgeous spectacle unfold.
 And now the time arrived; each in their place
 Expectant wait the rising of the day,
 And from the opening to the climax, how
 Engrossed the mind! in what receptive mood
 They note the tints of morn, regarding them
 As if the light without them and around
 Resembled that which dawns upon the soul,
 Reflected there by her own satellite.
 For how suggestive to the thoughtful mind
 The opening blush, the crimson cheek of dawn,

That speaks her union with the King of Day.
• Who lies to fold her in his robes of light!

As up the east the glowing splendours climb
The fading shadows pass till all the heaven—
The hyaline, transparent vault is clear.
The hills and peaks in silent grandeur stand;
For silence reigns, and hush, and stillness, save
The hollow bass of waters in the glen.
No sound of living voice, unless perchance
Some wand'ring echoes as the low of kine
Or shrilling cry of startled water-bird.
No sound! For though the air is full of light
No ray as yet has touched the rocky heights,
But lo! anon it nears! and round them now
The radiance pours! the valleys feel the touch!
The sea of mist responds, and up the hills
In fleecy clouds the snow-white vapours roll.
And hark! the hum of waking life! and list!
The dove's soft cooing! and the bulbul's note!
The jetty whistler, and the mountain thrush!
The finches and the many warblers now
In concert joined, their morning hymns to chant!
The opening flowers their rival charms unfold,
And wide diffuse their perfumed breath around
As incense shed to add to and enhance
The rosy morn's intoxicating burst!
Now at the climax of its grand display,
When all things seem to live and sense delight!
And when, like living gems, a myriad forms—

Moths, beetles, and bright butterflies new born
Bask in the sun or flit from flower to flower,
Or to and fro for wantonness of joy!
When earth herself in sympathy responds,
And all the air is jubilant with song,
And notes of exultation and the voice
Of teeming life and whirr of gleaming wings!



A NIGHT OF STORM AT KHANDALLA.

(An extract from "Khandalla and Nature-Worship.")



BUT if the fanes of nature on the hills
 At noon-day, even-tide, or morning's prime
 Excel in scenic splendours and delight
 Their worshippers, they have their other moods.
 For times and qualities and all things have
 Their opposites whereby they are discerned,
 Accented and more realistic made.
 More radiant seems the light of day because
 Of darkness and the night; and beauty more
 Transcendent still and beautiful doth show
 In presence of things loathsome and malign;
 And so upon the Ghauts the glorious scenes
 Of morn or eve more glorious appear
 Contrasted with their opposites, the scenes
 Of horror there, that time and night bring forth.
 For when arriving from the ocean-waste
 The angry winds, with vapours laden, set
 Their sable banners on the hills and blow
 Aloud the signal for the coming strife,
 The elements take note, and soon reply
 In crashing peals, that ring on every side,
 And rending fires that play around the peaks,

And in the night and darkness blaze, as if
A conflagration raged and filled the heavens
With cloven tongues and sheets of lambent flame.
The streaming clouds, like broken water spouts,
Send rivers foaming from the heights, till sapped
And mined by floods the hanging cliffs give way,
And, thundering, fall with wasting freight.
The winds in tempest wails resound, as though
Upon the crags the storm wights shrieked aloud:
The lone and dismal wailings blending still
With ghostly echoes and the noise uncouth
Of torrents, hoarse-resounding from the glens,
And crashing trees and rocks and toppling stones
And thunder peals reverberating wide.
For all around in fitful cadence swells
The din confused of warring elements,
With all the dissonance of ravening beasts,
Dread, horrible, and yet in keeping, weird:—
Harsh, doleful sounds in jarring concert grouped;—
For other voices than the notes of morn
With coo of doves and warblings in the brake:
And with them too, in keeping, other sights
Than those of trees and verdant fields and flowers
And gentle birds and gay-winged butterflies:—
For other sights on which the waning moon
Now and at times sheds momentary light;—
A pallid ray through the disparted clouds
That close again, and all is darkness save
That instant, and anon the lightning's flash,
Lights up the landscape with a sudden glare,

Intensely brilliant, and enough to show
• The gen'ral features of a wild, weird scene:-
A passing glimpse, as of a picture draped
In circling folds of ebon darkness round.



A VISION OF THE SAXON RACE.

Restrospective and Prospective.

(Being a selection from "The Dual Image," hitherto unpublished.)

THEN saw they in the hazy north appear
 A stalwart Race whose mighty progeny,
 In after years, were destined to become
 A sovereign people, ruling sea and land.
 Saxons by name, who wandered from afar,
 The worshippers of Odin and of Thor,
 The Thunderer, who awed men with his bolts,
 Pilgrims of fate impelled to seek their home,
 Decreed of old, where they should multiply;
 A sea-girt island big with with destiny,
 Long by the Roman from the Tiber ruled:—
 A place apart set in the western sea,
 Which now before the Traveller and his Guide
 Uprose a moment through the mists of time:
 A glorious vision of a glorious land,
 The home of learning and true liberty,
 And mighty centre of the world's exchange.
 A Royal State, the growth of centuries;
 For where the Roman ruled the Saxons grew
 And multiplied and sent their Colonies
 To distant lands embracing every clime,

“A company of nations” with one tongue
Alike by blood and interest allied:
True sons of Thor and wielders of his power;
Whose mighty fleets and armaments became
The envy and the wonder of the world.

Rat long the struggle in their island home
And many were the enemies that rose
To crush them wholly, till in later years
An uncrowned King, the Sturdy Commoner,
Attained to power and laid the basis sure
Of Saxon greatness; then in course of time
A Queen arose, Victoria, well-named,
Greatest of sovereigns of the “order new,”
Her sway extending to the utmost isles,
Encircling all the habitable globe:—
A Royal lady whose long reign benign
Outran the period ’tween the old and new;
Around whose life should cluster memories
To find a voice in epic narrative
In far off days of that Victorian Age
When she, kind and gentle lady, ruled,
No haughty monarch of a bygone time
Regardless of the Common weal or woe,
But as a mother full of sympathy,
Who loved her people and was loved by them!



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Press Opinions.



THE FALL OF LUCIFER :

AND OTHER ESSAYS AND POEMS.

By Wm. Sharpe, M.D.

Press Notices:

"The learned author possesses descriptive powers of a remarkably high order, and the language is very choice and beautiful in many of the pieces. In his *Dual Image ; or, The Renewal of the Temple*, the author is perfectly at home with the mysteries of the Kosmos, the Dual nature of the Adonai, and man made in that image and likeness. In a forthcoming issue of our Monthly we shall quote freely from one or two of the poems, and thus give our readers some idea of the matters so thoroughly and superbly depicted therein. The author is a true born Poet in every sense of the word, and his writings sparkle with brilliant and scintillations radiating from the very effulgence of Nature herself. The Poems are equally remarkable for the exquisite beauty of the descriptive passages, their great erudition, and the perfection of the onomatopoeia, or word-picturing employed, and they may well be ranked with the "Indian Song of Songs" and other poems of Edwin Arnold."—*The Morning Star, Loudsville, Ga.*

"The Philosophy of Spiritualism pervades, and the volume is well worthy a place in the library of the Spiritualist, who will find it very readable and interesting."—*The Progressive Thinker, Chicago.*

"Will be read with interest by the student and philosopher."—*Philosophical Journal, San Francisco.*

"*The Dual Image* which is the principal poem of the book presents a beautiful picture of primeval man, and illustrates the dawn of art."—*Harbinger of Light, Melbourne.*

"But it is in his poems that Dr. Sharpe most vividly expresses the vitality of his realization of the Universal Life. The remarkable scope of his vision, the fertile yield of past centuries to his condensingly-interpretative thought, and the mighty swing of his fragrant censer of realization of essence combine to produce a picture in which all the past and the present display their dominant notes and colours in a harmony so glorious as to open forth to us a dazzling glimpse of the onward coming future. The superb melody of the ages as sung on earth by the characteristic events of the evolutionary progress of humanity follows a rhythm which, once perceived, is entrancing and illuminating beyond compare; and it is much of this that Dr. Sharpe has put into the most prominent of his poems. He grasps and holds universal things before us for interpretation as they may be seen when partially expressed in transient periods, movements and thoughts of human beings on our earth; and through it all rings prophetically the clarion cry of man's inevitable and glorious destiny."—*Boston Ideas.*

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HUMANITY AND THE MAN.

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AND OTHER POEMS.

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